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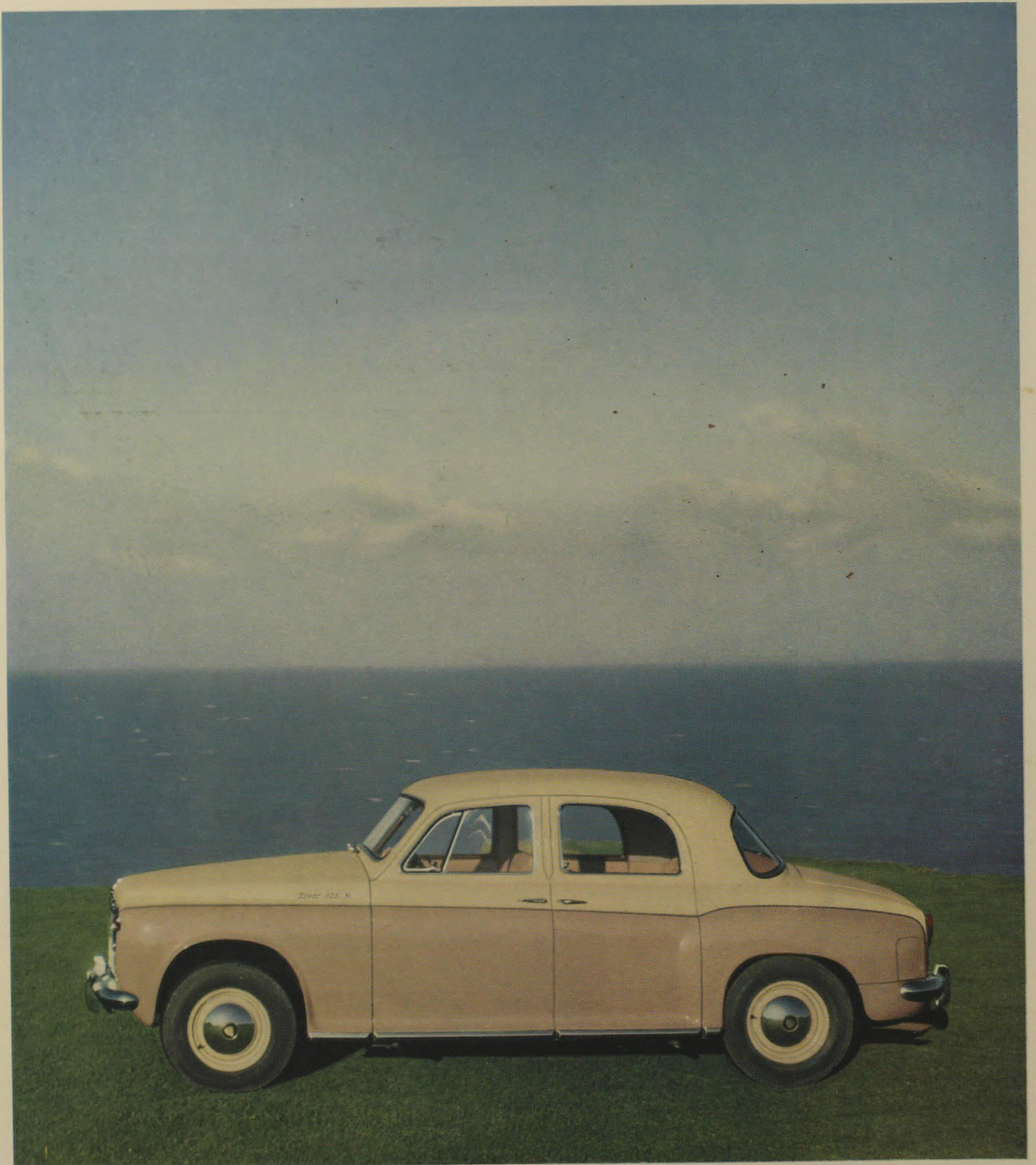
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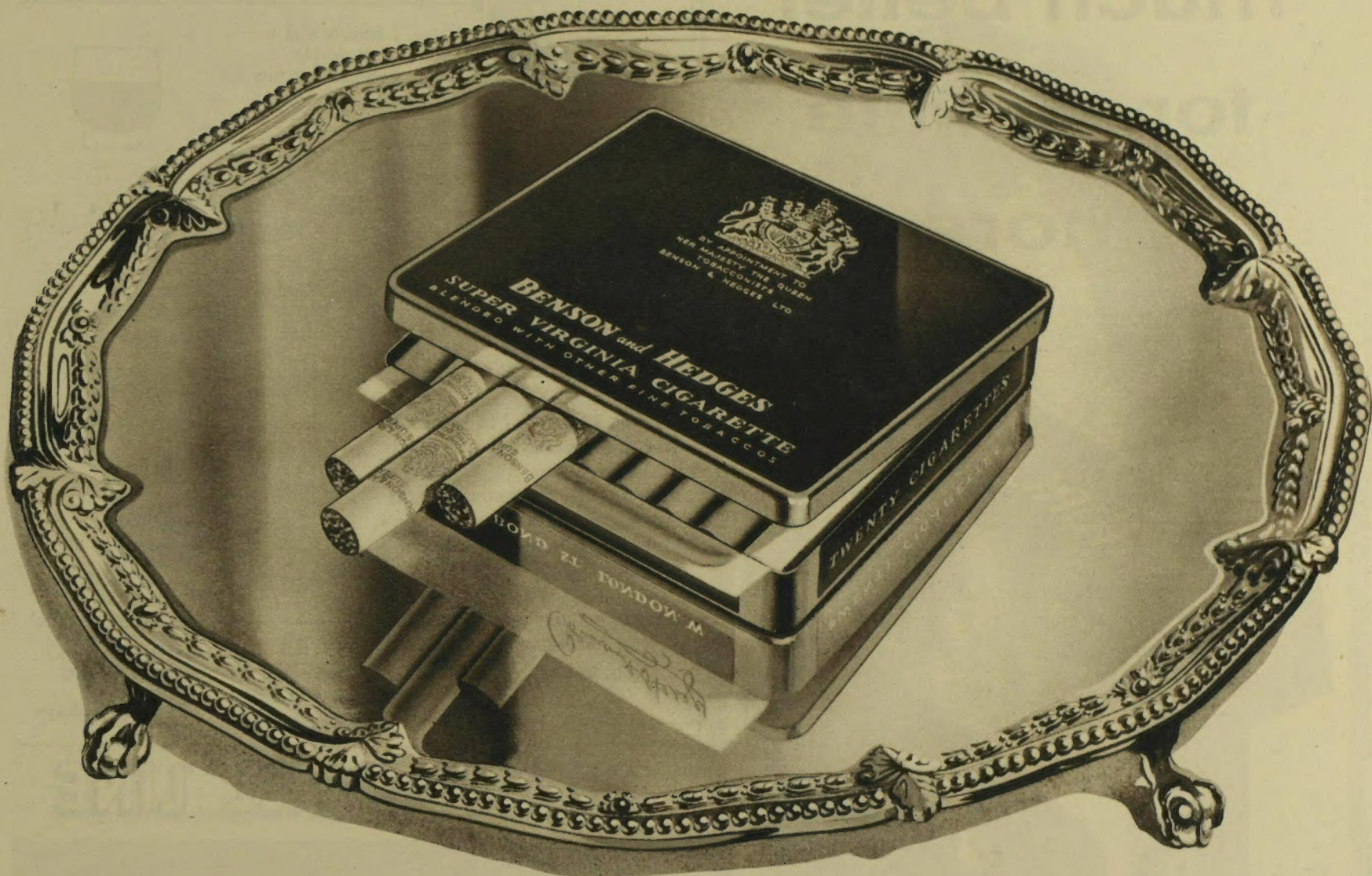
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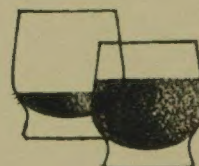
I want to know what  
it feels like to be a  
successful man.



Dad gave me the idea, indirectly  
of course. He is a typhoon, or  
something, and he always gives  
a new director a case of **Whyte  
& Mackays** Special Scotch  
Whisky



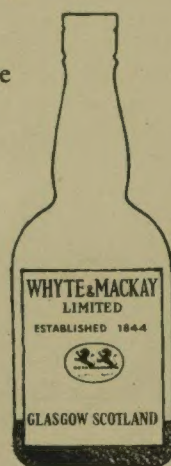
I believe that is  
what people  
become directors for.



And each time Dad says: "Noble  
whisky, that, **Whyte & Mackays** . . .  
I've tasted them all, and there's none  
to touch it!"

Ah well, I suppose I had better leave  
**Whyte & Mackays** to Dad for the  
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## *Rickshaw in Regent Street*

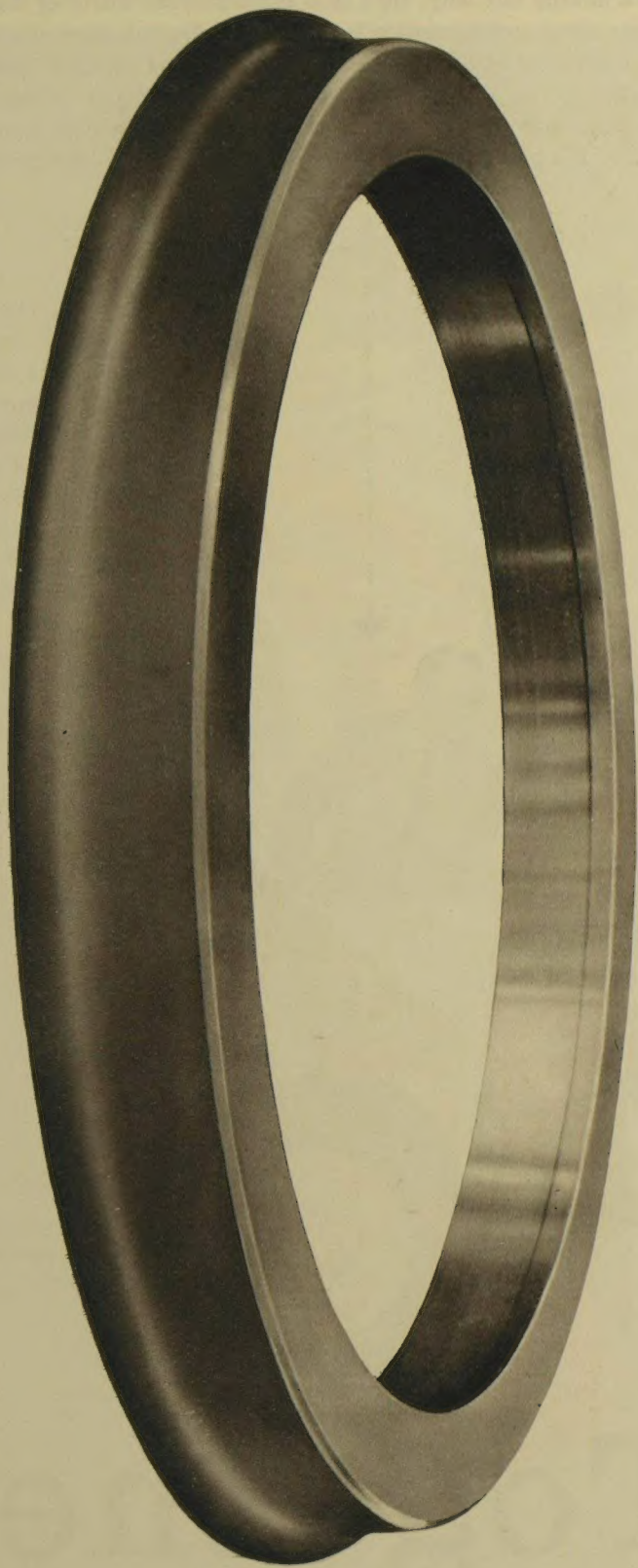
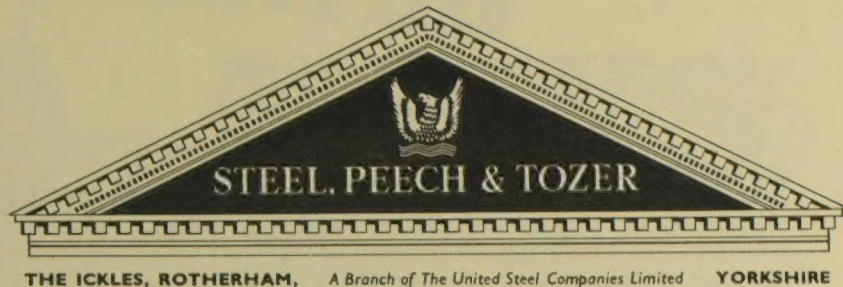
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1958.



THE KINGS WHO HAVE FORMED A NEW ARAB PARTNERSHIP: KING FAISAL (LEFT) AND KING HUSSEIN IN AMMAN.

Early on February 14 King Faisal of Iraq and King Hussein of Jordan signed an agreement uniting their two countries in an Arab Federation. The federation, which was created two weeks after Egypt and Syria united and which is open to other Arab States who wish to join, provides for unification of foreign policy, finance, education, diplomatic representation and of the two armies. King Faisal is to be head of the new state, and King Hussein his deputy, but each retains constitutional authority in his own kingdom. Baghdad and Amman are to alternate as the federal capital. The federal authority will have executive and legislative bodies. An equal number of members from each existing Parliament will be chosen for the federal legislature. The executive body will be appointed according to the federal constitution, which

is to be enacted within three months of the signing of the federation agreement. Any international agreement made by either state before federation does not commit the other, but any such pacts signed after federation will be binding to both. (This provision overcomes the difficulty of membership of the Baghdad Pact, of which only Iraq is a member and which Jordan has criticised.) While Jordan, with about 1,500,000 inhabitants, is a poor, largely desert kingdom, Iraq, with a population of some 5,000,000, is one of the wealthiest Arab oil states. Both Kings are reported to have referred to securing "our legal rights in the outraged territories of Palestine," and it is noteworthy that no armistice agreement was signed between Iraq and Israel after the 1948 war. (Other photographs of King Faisal and King Hussein appear on page 298.)

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN 1874, when my father was fifteen years old, Lieut.-Colonel Charles Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, arrived at Gondokoro, in the Southern Sudan—then a primitive settlement of squalid mud huts—as Governor of the Turko-Egyptian equatorial provinces of Central Africa. Though the post carried a salary of £10,000 a year, Gordon, a poor man, refused to take more than a fifth of this sum from the corrupt and half-bankrupt Egyptian Government, which at that time "owned" and misgoverned what is to-day the independent nation of the Sudan. At that time this vast region of Central Africa—nearly 1,000,000 square miles in extent, twenty times the size of England and more than half that of India—was a hell of slavery, extortion, disease and degrading poverty. As a modern Sudanese scholar has written, "The sixty years (1821-1883) of Turko-Egyptian rule in the Sudan marked the darkest and most unhappy period of its history. Nothing of the volumes written about the misery and torture that befell the people during this terrible half-century could illustrate this better than the fact that its 8,000,000 inhabitants were actually reduced to just over 2,000,000." With the same vigour and genius for inspiring love and devotion that this wonderful English soldier of Scottish descent had shown a few years earlier in the service of the Chinese authorities, Gordon threw himself into the work of suppressing the slave trade and winning the confidence of an oppressed people. When his unceasing efforts to put down the slave trade were thwarted by the Egyptian Governor of the Sudan, he resigned and returned to England, only to be reappointed by the Khedive, who appreciated his immense ability and integrity, as joint Governor-General of the Sudan and the Equatorial Provinces. He returned and for three more years wrestled with the superhuman problems of bringing order, peace and justice to great tracts of "darkest Africa," constantly risking his life and undermining his health until changes in the Government of Egypt inevitably brought about his retirement. But three years later, after the warlike warriors of the Sudan had risen under the leadership of the Mahdi against its corrupt Turko-Egyptian rule, and the British Government, recognising in Gladstone's phrase "a people rightly struggling to be free," advised the evacuation of Egyptian officials, garrisons and traders from the country, Gordon was sent back to Khartoum both to supervise the evacuation and "to take steps to leave behind an organised independent government." It was his attempt to combine these two irreconcilables and to carry out the latter after sending away 3000 Egyptians in safety, that led to his being besieged in Khartoum by the Mahdi's army. The rest of the story is too familiar for retelling; it is sufficient to recall that he gave his life for the people of the country whose independence he had proclaimed and died a hero's death.

For the next twelve years the Sudan, freed from Turko-Egyptian rule, suffered a further period of terror, misery and bloodshed under the Mahdi's tyrannical successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi—an African forerunner of Hitler. It was only the necessity of freeing the Nile Valley and Central Africa from the menace and constant war of his martial rule that led to the reconquest of the Sudan just under sixty years ago by an Anglo-Egyptian army under General Kitchener. One of the officers of that army was a young Hussar lieutenant, serving with the 21st Lancers, named Winston Churchill. The moment the Khalifa had

been defeated and Khartoum retaken, the work of resuscitating the Sudan began. This work was carried out by administrators of British race acting under the authority of an Anglo-Egyptian "Condominium." Contrary to popular belief, the Sudan never formed part of the British Empire. The mission of those who governed it, far from their own homes and native country, was twofold: to establish peace, justice, public health, prosperity and personal freedom in this great and hitherto oppressed land, and to prepare its people, subject to Britain's treaty obligations

#### A BRITISH CLUB IN KHARTOUM TO MOVE.



AT THE SUDAN CLUB, WHICH HAS BEEN THE CENTRE OF BRITISH SOCIAL LIFE IN KHARTOUM FOR MANY YEARS: A VIEW OF THE FINE COVERED SWIMMING-POOL.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SUDAN CLUB. SIR ARTHUR BRYANT THIS WEEK DISCUSSES ON THIS PAGE A BOOK IN WHICH A SUDANESE SCHOLAR PRAISES THE FORMER BRITISH ADMINISTRATION OF THE SUDAN.

The Sudan Government has recently given notice that it requires the site and buildings of the Sudan Club, for many years the centre of British social life in Khartoum, we are told by the reader in Khartoum who sent us the above photographs. Everything has been done on the most friendly basis, and the Club is to be generously compensated. The Club is not being asked to move before amenities on the new site are fully ready.

with Egypt, for independence and nationhood. In the words of a former British Civil Secretary of the Sudan Government—Sir James Robertson—until recently Governor-General of the Federation of Nigeria, another new African nation and state in process of creation by British administration—"The aim of the British who served in the Sudan was, firstly, to build up a modern state in a country which, when they went to it, had none of the essentials of nationhood, except a valiant and virile population. There were no communications, no schools, no hospitals, no Departments of Education, Health or Agriculture; no irrigation, save for the immemorial waterwheels and shadufs; no law and order; no security for life and limb.

Then, after the foundations had been laid, and administration had been established on a sound basis, they went on gradually to train the Sudanese for association in the government of their land. Towards the end of their rule their main objective was to see that the Sudanese obtained the right of self-determination and were not handed over without consultation to the rule of a foreign Power." This great work has been achieved, and the whole of it in my own comparatively short lifetime. Two years ago the Sudan became an independent sovereign state by the voluntary act of its British rulers. It now has it within its capacity to be one of the great nations of the world.

I have been reminded of all this by reading a very remarkable book recently published in this country by a Sudanese architect named Sayed Nigumi. According to the orthodox thesis of one of the principal schools of ideology to which mankind is now expected—and increasingly forced—to subscribe, Mr. Nigumi is a member of a race upon whom the British imperialists—a pack, according to Moscow, of ravening Fascist hyenas, exploiters and murderers—descended in the black past, and to whom, after sucking their blood for two generations, these same imperialists, trembling at the thought of what the enlightened liberators in the Kremlin will otherwise do to them, have now reluctantly and belatedly given back their independence. As it is not only Russian Marxists, but also a good many Britons of various shades of red and pink, mostly pale pink, who subscribe to this curious view of our colonial history, the book which Mr. Nigumi has written about our administration of the Sudan will come as rather a shock to many in this country. Possibly this is why it has been almost completely ignored by our popular

Press, whose boast it is to give the people of Britain the news and views the people of Britain want. In fact, it betrays the existence in its author of an old-fashioned virtue which, until I read the book, I was under the impression was now almost entirely confined to dogs. For Mr. Nigumi is not only grateful to the British men and women who for half a century administered and developed his country, but expresses his gratitude with a conviction and enthusiasm which I am afraid, if they troubled to read it, would prove highly embarrassing to those to whom the name of British Empire is synonymous with oppression, brutal militarism and capitalistic exploitation. For this is what this victim of oppression has to say about the British administrators of his country. "They put the welfare and prosperity of the country above every other consideration. . . . Each and every one of them in his district became a Plato, the centre of learning and wisdom, around whom all the people of the land, young and old, high and humble, rich and poor, flocked and sought guidance and counsel. . . . The Englishman of the Sudan was a specimen of human perfection.

In his practical rôle as an alien handling the affairs of a different race he was an idealist of the first order. . . . He came as a trustee and, as such, he dedicated the whole of his life to promote the cause of the Trust."\* Perhaps this magnanimous Sudanese scholar overestimates the part played by my countrymen in helping his. But lest it should be thought that Englishmen are not capable of gratitude when a man of another race shows it in such generous measure, I should like to acknowledge what his book's reading has meant to at least one Englishman.

\* "A Great Trusteeship." By M. A. Nigumi. (Caravel Press; 18s., page 45.)



## THE QUEEN MOTHER IN NEW ZEALAND: HAPPY SCENES DURING HER TOUR OF NORTH ISLAND.



AT GREEN HILL SHEEP STATION: THE QUEEN MOTHER LOOKING AT PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY ON FLAGS HELD BY LITTLE MAORI CHILDREN.



NEAR NAPIER: THE QUEEN MOTHER WAVING GOOD-BYE AS SHE LEFT THE WOOL-SHED ON MR. D. A. V. HUDSON'S SHEEP STATION.



IN AUCKLAND: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH GATHERED TO GREET THE QUEEN MOTHER AS SHE LEFT ST. ANDREW'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



ON HER ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND: THE QUEEN MOTHER REPLYING TO THE OFFICIAL WELCOME. ON THE RIGHT IS THE PREMIER, MR. NASH.



AT THE WELLINGTON RACING CLUB'S MEETING AT TRENTHAM: THE QUEEN MOTHER CONGRATULATING G. F. HUGHES, WHO RODE *BALI HA'I* TO VICTORY.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arrived in Auckland on February 1 for her two-week tour of New Zealand. After spending three days in Auckland she left Government House on February 4 and flew first to Kaitia and then to Hamilton, where she spent the night. On the following day she flew to Napier, where she spent the night as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. V. Hudson at their Green Hill sheep station. Earlier she watched a spectacular wood-chopping contest at Napier's McLean Park. At the sheep station she visited a wool-shed where she was welcomed by Maori workers. From Napier her



AFTER RECEIVING THE ST. JAMES GOLD CUP: SIR ERNEST DAVIS ANNOUNCING THAT HE WAS PRESENTING *BALI HA'I* TO THE QUEEN MOTHER AS A GIFT.

Majesty flew to New Plymouth, on February 6, then on to Palmerston North and finally to Wellington, where she stayed at Government House. Among the many engagements which the Queen Mother carried out in Wellington was a visit, on February 8, to the Wellington Racing Club's meeting at Trentham. After the Queen Mother had presented Sir Ernest Davis, the veteran racehorse owner, with the gold cup won by his horse, *Bali Ha'i*, for the St. James Cup event, he announced, quite unexpectedly, and to the delight of the crowd, that he was presenting the horse to the Queen Mother.



# ROYAL OCCASIONS; A GIFT TO HULL; AND THE PRIME MINISTER'S RETURN HOME.



ACCOMPANIED BY DR. FISHER, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (LEFT): THE QUEEN WALKING THROUGH THE CLOISTERS DURING HER VISIT TO OLD CHARTERHOUSE ON FEBRUARY 12. THIS HISTORIC BUILDING HAS BEEN COMPLETELY AND SKILFULLY RESTORED.

(Above.)  
AT THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE IN LONDON: H.M. THE QUEEN WALKING ALONG THE GALLERY OF THE GREAT HALL WITH THE MASTER, CANON J. McLEOD CAMPBELL.

On February 12 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Old Charterhouse in Charterhouse Square, London. Charterhouse, founded in the fourteenth century, was seriously damaged in an air raid in 1941. It has now been fully restored.



(Right.)  
AFTER SITTING FOR A SCULPTURE OF HER HEAD IN BRONZE: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET LEAVING SIR JACOB EPSTEIN'S STUDIO IN HYDE PARK GATE, LONDON. THE BUST HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED BY THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE, OF WHICH THE PRINCESS IS PRESIDENT.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVES THE QUEEN FROM NORFOLK TO LONDON: THE DUKE AT THE WHEEL OF HIS LAGONDA, WITH THE QUEEN IN THE FRONT SEAT AT HIS SIDE, RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON FEBRUARY 10. PRINCESS MARGARET RETURNED FROM SANDRINGHAM BY CAR ON THE SAME DAY.



TO BE PRESENTED TO HULL: A PAINTING BY MR. TERENCE CUNEO OF THE ROYAL DEPARTURE FROM HULL FOR THE STATE VISIT TO DENMARK IN MAY 1957.

In Guildhall, Hull, on March 17 the Lord Mayor (Councillor Thomas Wilcock) is to receive, on behalf of the city, this painting by Mr. Terence Cuneo of the Queen's and the Duke of Edinburgh's departure from Hull for the State visit to Denmark in May 1957. The painting, which was commissioned by a small number of companies and citizens of Hull, is their gift to the city to commemorate this historic occasion.



RETURNING HOME AFTER HIS SIX-WEEK COMMONWEALTH TOUR: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. MACMILLAN, WITH LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN, AT LONDON AIRPORT ON FEBRUARY 14. MEMBERS OF THE PRIME MINISTER'S FAMILY, SENIOR MINISTERS AND REPRESENTATIVES OF THE COUNTRIES HE VISITED GREETED HIM.





WITH THE FLOODWATERS OF THE ZAMBESI ONLY 7 FT. BELOW THE TOP OF THE UPSTREAM WALL : THE CIRCULAR KARIBA COFFER DAM ON FEBRUARY 9.



SWIRLING OVER AN ALMOST COMPLETED SECTION OF THE KARIBA DAM : THE RAGING FLOODWATERS OF THE ZAMBESI RIVER.  
IMPERILLED BY UNPRECEDENTED FLOODWATERS: THE KARIBA HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER PROJECT ON THE ZAMBESI RIVER—  
WHERE THE COFFER DAM HAS BEEN FLOODED.

On February 16 the large circular Kariba coffer dam developed a leak and was swamped by the floodwaters of the Zambezi River in Southern Rhodesia. The situation was reported to be under control. A week earlier the water-level at Kariba was already higher than at the peak of the record floods in March last year, which submerged the coffer dam then in use. In the top photograph workmen can be seen battling to raise the upstream wall of the coffer dam by erecting a barricade of

sandbags reinforced with steel rods. Though the coffer dam is only a temporary structure built to keep the water away from the section of the river where work on the foundations of the main dam is in progress, its breaching may well cause a long delay to further work on the hydro-electric power project in the Kariba Gorge, the first phase of which is due to be completed in 1960. On February 7 the floods had washed away one of the piers supporting the road bridge over the Zambezi at Kariba.



THIS explosive world has had inflicted upon it an explosion of great force. The bombing of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, within the Tunisian frontier and near the small town of Le Kef, by French aircraft from Algeria has created distress, confusion and apprehension. The State Department has declared itself to be "profoundly disturbed"; the Foreign Office has expressed its "grave concern." These are phrases of a kind heard only too often, but they are not often applied to the affairs of friendly States. They go about as far as the language of diplomacy can go in this field. From Tunisian sources it has been reported that seventy-two persons were killed. It would be hard to find any comment from the outside world which was not condemnatory of the French action.

The first reports from the French command in Algeria stated that the objective was a military camp at some distance—one report said about a mile—from Sakiet. The spokesman, however, had not personally seen the damage and his evidence is not in accordance with that of journalists who have seen it. They have described serious destruction. It may well be that the main objective was the camp in question and its anti-aircraft guns; it is indeed possible that the heaviest weight of the attack fell upon the camp. In the circumstances this is unhappily beside the point. It is the effects rather than the intentions that count. The condemnation mentioned above has been largely on moral grounds, but the affair has already had heavy repercussions in the realm of international politics.

That France has suffered a great deal of provocation on this frontier no fair-minded observer can deny. She has possibly exaggerated the effects of Tunisian co-operation with the Algerian rebels because it is tempting to her Government and Army to assert that the trouble in Algeria would be over by now but for this outside aid, especially in arms. This has nevertheless been a powerful factor. It would appear true that the Tunisian Government has made little or no effort to put an end to this state of affairs, either because it cannot, or because it does not want to. The French command states that nineteen incidents had already occurred on this part of the frontier, including one of serious character, and that on the last occasion a warning had been sent that further aggression would entail reprisals.

The storm which has arisen is due not so much to the fact that reprisals took place as to the scale and weight of the attack—and to its consequences. Humanity apart, it was a grave imprudence to use force to this extent. Air forces have been only too ready to undertake missions of this kind, and in this case the probability is that the French Government, even if it knew that some action was to be carried out, had no inkling of what the method and scale were to be. There might have been more excuse had the Tunisian Government been extremely hostile to France, but it cannot be said to have been that, even allowing that it refused to do anything to stop attacks on French forces in Algeria from its territory.

The Tunisian President, M. Bourguiba, is a disputed figure. Yet we may justly say that he has striven to mitigate the hatred with which so much of the Arab world has begun to regard Western nations, France in particular. He was averse to the severance of all links with France.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### STORM ON THE TUNISIAN FRONTIER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

His enemies in France assert that he was insincere. It is not easy to assess the motives of such a man, but the impression of those who have most closely studied him has been that he was genuinely anxious to prevent a complete breach between the Arabs and western European civilisation. Evidence to this effect comes from the other side. M. Bourguiba

stream of Chauvinism in the Arab world. The policy of M. Bourguiba has been badly damaged and may have been ruined. Not only indignation but a sense of practical politics compel him to withdraw it into the background. The best to be hoped is that he is keeping it in cold storage in the hope that he will one day be able to make use of it again.

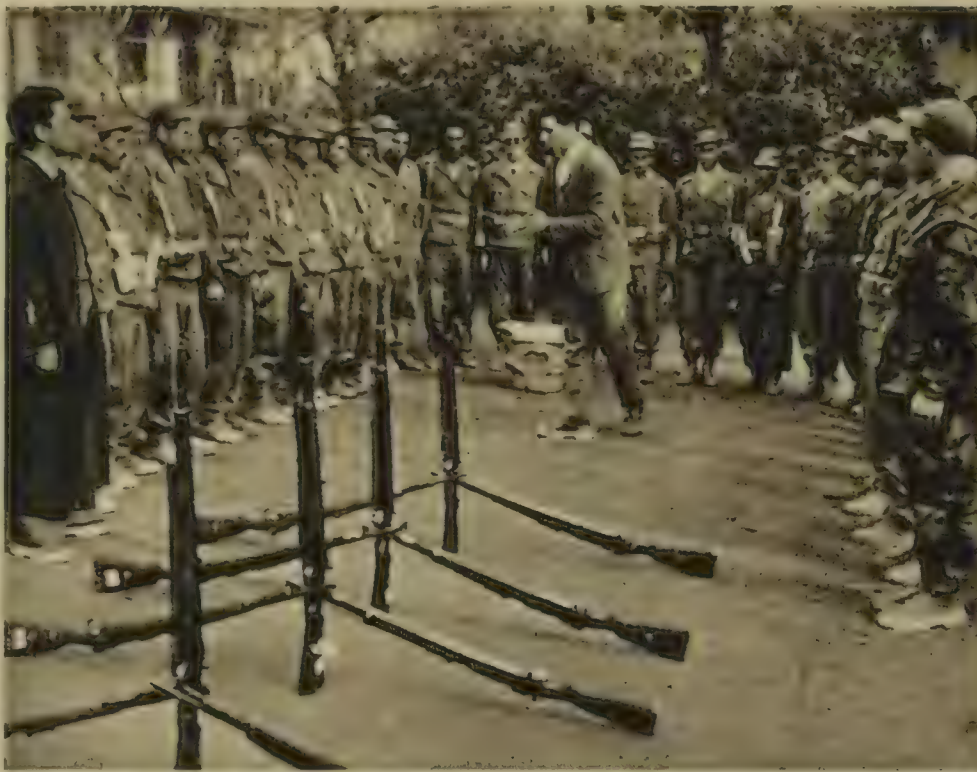
Among the results up to the time of writing are: the determination of Tunisia to appeal to the Security Council of the United Nations; the demand for the withdrawal of the 12,000 French troops now in the country and which, it is said, M. Bourguiba had originally hoped would remain there; the refusal on the part of Tunisia to allow French warships to enter the port of Bizerta, which is of high strategic significance; and, at the moment, something not far removed from a cessation of Franco-Tunisian diplomatic relations. At the same time, the incident can hardly fail to hamper the French efforts to pacify Algeria.

After the Second World War France felt herself aggrieved over the attitude of the United States to what was then French North Africa. In more recent times she has been angered by the supply of arms to Tunisia, and with good cause, seeing that Tunisia was already a source of arms supply to the dissidents in Algeria. On the whole, however, the American and British Governments have shown sympathy and understanding for France in her dealings with the Algerian problem. Where they have not approved they have appreciated the difficulties with which she is faced, especially that to which I have often alluded on this page, the size of the French community in the country and its dependence on the motherland. They have continued to hope that she would arrive at a settlement which would end the bitter quarrel in progress.

Now these hopes have received a setback. For the present the most urgent task is concerned with Tunisia, not Algeria. And it is well known that untiring efforts are being made by the State Department and the Foreign Office to prevent the situation from deteriorating further and that they will be prepared to help in restoring good relations if this crisis passes and leaves behind anything to restore. But I suspect that if M. Bourguiba were to show too much toleration for the taste of his people he would be swept away and his place would be taken by some leader of the Nasser school and of extremist sympathies. Already there have been demonstrations, and if these have been relatively restrained that is because Tunisia has not hitherto adopted the rowdier methods of some other Arab countries.

Here, it seems to me, is a case where the looker-on should not adopt a partisan attitude. I feel myself compelled to condemn and deplore the French action, but I do not find this difficult to

understand. I realise, too, that one regards these matters rather differently when young soldiers shot down from neutral ground or killed by raiders making the freest possible use of it are one's own countrymen. Yet the bombing, on the scale carried out, was an error. For the sake of Tunisia as well as of France, for that of the relations between Western Europe and the Arab people, I trust that it may even now not prove to be irreparable. As I write, however, the prospects do not look very bright.



FROM A FILM TAKEN IN THE TUNISIAN FRONTIER VILLAGE OF SAKIET SOME TIME BEFORE THE FRENCH AIR RAID OF FEBRUARY 8: A UNIT OF ALGERIAN REBEL TROOPS BEING ADDRESSED BY A POLITICAL OFFICER DURING A REST PERIOD.



FURTHER EVIDENCE FROM THE FILM THAT SAKIET WAS BEING USED AS A BASE BY ALGERIAN REBEL FORCES: A LONG COLUMN OF ARMED REBEL TROOPS MARCHING OUT OF THE VILLAGE BEHIND THEIR NATIONAL FLAG. THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES CLAIM THAT THE RAID ON SAKIET WAS AIMED AT ALGERIAN REBEL MILITARY TARGETS.

has been the target of much criticism from the more extreme and fanatical Arab leaders, and this made his position difficult. He may not have been strong enough to breast the tide on all occasions.

Now he is undoubtedly extremely angry, but whatever his views might be he could not have taken up anything but a stiff attitude. He might, indeed, have gone further. This blow could not have come at a worse moment, just after the union of Egypt and Syria had let loose a fresh



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



INDONESIA. TAKING THE SALUTE OF SOME OF HIS CRACK TROOPS: COLONEL HUSSEIN, WHO PROCLAIMED THE REBEL GOVERNMENT.

THE growing opposition to President Sukarno's regime in Indonesia, and the rivalry between Java and Sumatra, came to a head with Colonel Hussein's proclamation of "a new independent Government of the Indonesian Republic," which is operating from Padang, in Sumatra. It appears that the new Government's strong military backing, which includes the support of the Ex-Servicemen's Council, has made it unlikely that the constitutional Government in Java will take any action against it. Thus Indonesia is divided between supporters of the rebel Government and those who stand by President Sukarno's concept of a guided democracy with its pro-Communist tendencies. This division has created a particularly difficult situation for the oil interests in Indonesia. In his proclamation Colonel Hussein announced the names of the new Cabinet, but its provisional character was established by the fact that the rebels have called on Dr. Hatta, the former Vice-President, and the Sultan of Jogjakarta, who are both in Java, to form a new national Government.



DISCUSSING MILITARY DISPOSITIONS AROUND PADANG WITH ONE OF COLONEL HUSSEIN'S AIDES: COLONEL SIMBOLON (SEATED), WHO STAGED AN UNSUCCESSFUL COUP AT THE END OF LAST YEAR.



PREPARED FOR ACTION ON BEHALF OF THE REBEL GOVERNMENT: AN ARMY UNIT EQUIPPED WITH OLD BRITISH BREN-GUN CARRIERS.



LIEUT.-COLONEL AHMAD HUSSEIN, WHO PROCLAIMED THE NEW INDONESIAN GOVERNMENT ON FEBRUARY 15, BUT HAS NOT HIMSELF TAKEN OFFICE. COLONEL HUSSEIN WAS ONE OF THE FOUR DISSIDENT PROVINCIAL MILITARY COMMANDERS DISHONOURABLY DISMISSED FROM THE INDONESIAN ARMY ON FEBRUARY 13.



APPOINTED MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN THE NEW GOVERNMENT: COLONEL SIMBOLON, WHO HAD BEEN SHELTERED BY COLONEL HUSSEIN SINCE HIS OWN UNSUCCESSFUL COUP IN DECEMBER.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



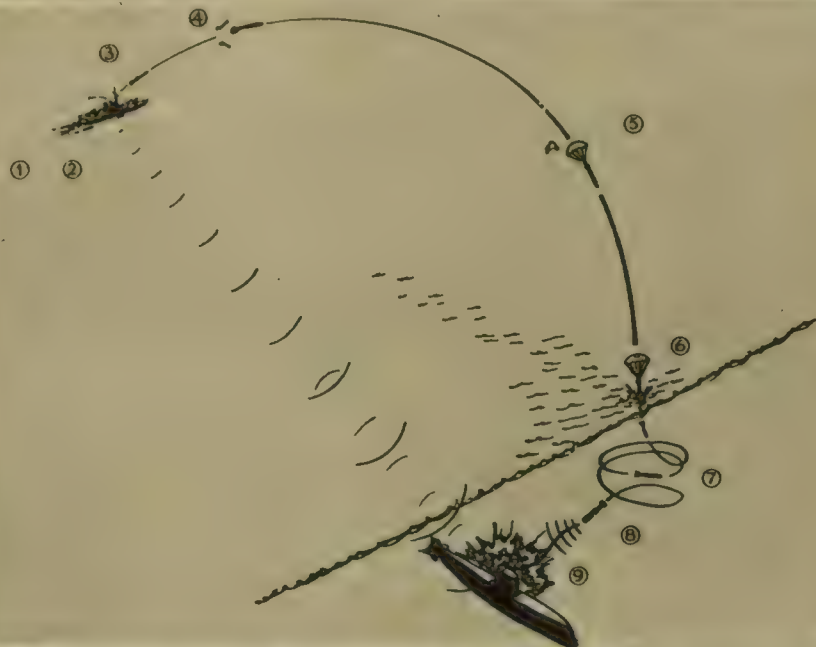
NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. A NEW USE FOR OLD TANKS: A PAIR OF EX-U.S. ARMY M47 TANKS PREPARING FOR A DEMOLITION JOB AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.



NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. AND THE HOUSE CAME TUMBLING DOWN. . . . THE DESIRED RESULT AFTER THE TANKS HAD PLOUGHED THROUGH THE GROUND FLOOR A FEW TIMES. A New Jersey demolition firm entrusted with clearing away a three-storey frame building to make way for turnpike development invested in five surplus U.S. Army tanks—which rapidly brought down a former roadside restaurant.



U.S. WATERS. THE RAT IN ACTION: THE ROCKET-CUM-TORPEDO LEAVING ITS LAUNCHER IN A U.S. DESTROYER DURING A DEMONSTRATION FIRING. IT IS 13½ FT. LONG.



U.S.A. A NEW U.S. ANTI-SUBMARINE WEAPON, THE RAT (ABOVE), AND ITS TECHNIQUE OF ATTACK, WHICH IS EXPLAINED IN THE TEXT BELOW.

The *Rat* technique is as follows: (1) the submarine is detected by sonar and tracked; (2) a control system trains and elevates launcher, setting the range; (3) fires; (4) the air-frame separates and first parachute opens; (5) second parachute opens; (6) *Rat* enters water; (7) begins to seek for target; (8) pursues target by sound signals; and (9) destroys target.



SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA. LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN, WITH A BABY KOALA IN HER ARMS, EXAMINES A PLATYPUS HELD OUT BY SIR EDWARD HALLSTROM AT TARONGA PARK. Before they left Sydney for Melbourne on February 5, Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan paid a visit to the Taronga Park Zoo to see some of the unique Australian fauna. Sir Edward Hallstrom is the President of the Taronga Zoological Park Trust.



SAUDI ARABIA. A MODEL OF THE HUGE PALACE DESIGNED FOR KING SAUD BY THE ITALIAN ARCHITECT, ARMANDO BRASINI. THE PROJECTED FRONTAGE IS OVER 2000 FT. This palace design, the centre of legal disputes concerning the architect's fee, is like something out of "The Arabian Nights"; and the estimated cost of construction is about £15,000,000. It is to be built at Riyadh; and its principal tower is planned for a height of 250 ft.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



CANADA—U.S.A. THE CURVED LONG SAULT DAM—A MAJOR UNIT OF THE ST. LAWRENCE POWER PROJECT AND SEAWAY—AS IT NEARED COMPLETION. (LEFT) THE U.S. SHORE.

After a long history of delays and frustration the St. Lawrence Seaway project has been going ahead fast during the last four years as a joint Canadian-U.S. operation ; and it is hoped that the Seaway will be opened to traffic in the spring of 1959. The power projects which are linked with it and provided perhaps the most immediate spur to the undertaking are going ahead even faster, and it is expected that the huge dam which we illustrate here (constructed by Ontario Hydro and the Power Authority of the State of New York) will begin delivering power this summer. When it is completed in 1960 the total installed capacity of the 3300-ft.-long powerhouse will be 1,640,000 kilowatts, divided equally between the two authorities. Long Sault Dam is higher upstream and can, indeed, be seen in the background of the lower picture.

(Right.)

CANADA—U.S.A.  
THE ST. LAWRENCE  
POWER PROJECT DAM,  
HALF CANADIAN AND  
HALF U.S., WHICH IS DUE  
TO BEGIN PROVIDING  
POWER DURING THIS  
SUMMER.





## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



RANGOON, BURMA. PART OF THE LARGE CROWD, WHICH ATTENDED THE UNVEILING OF THE COMMONWEALTH WAR MEMORIAL, LOOKING OUT OVER THE GRAVES OF SOME 27,000 DEAD.



RANGOON, BURMA. THE WAR MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY GENERAL SIR FRANCIS FESTING, WHICH COMMEMORATES 27,000 COMMONWEALTH SERVICEMEN. On Feb. 9 General Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief, British Land Forces in the Far East, unveiled the memorial erected by the Imperial War Graves Commission at Taukyan, near Rangoon. The ceremony was attended by the Burmese Prime Minister.



BELGIUM. AT THE ANTWERP ZOO: A KEEPER FEEDING A BABY OKAPI BORN ON JANUARY 29. THE OKAPI, A FEMALE, WAS SEPARATED FROM HER MOTHER AT BIRTH AS THE LATTER HAD TRAMPLED HER PREVIOUS OFFSPRING TO DEATH. THE BIRTH OF AN OKAPI IN CAPTIVITY IS A VERY RARE EVENT. ONE WAS BORN IN THE PARIS ZOO LAST YEAR.



S. RHODESIA. MR. TODD (CENTRE) LEAVING THE MEETING AT WHICH HE WAS OUSTED AS LEADER OF THE S. RHODESIAN DIVISION OF THE UNITED FEDERAL PARTY. On Feb. 8 Sir E. Whitehead was elected to succeed Mr. Todd, a keen supporter of African advancement, as leader of the Southern Rhodesian division of the United Federal Party, and was later also to succeed him as Premier of Southern Rhodesia.



(Left.) JORDAN. AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN AMMAN FOR TALKS ON JORDAN-IRAQ FEDERATION: KING FAISAL (L.) GREETED BY KING HUSSEIN.

(Right.) JORDAN. KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN (R.) TALKING WITH KING FAISAL AFTER THE LATTER'S ARRIVAL IN AMMAN. On Feb. 14, two weeks after Egypt and Syria united, the formation by Iraq and Jordan of a new Arab federation, to be headed by King Faisal, was proclaimed in Amman. King Faisal had arrived in Jordan by air on Feb. 11 for talks on federation. The two populations are: Iraq, about 5,000,000, and Jordan, about 1,500,000. Baghdad and Amman will alternate as capital.





## THE LARGEST IVORY STATUETTES TO BE FOUND IN GREECE; AND AN EARLY *THOLOS* TOMB: DISCOVERIES DURING THE LATEST KNOSSOS EXCAVATIONS.

By **SINCLAIR HOOD**, Director of the British School of Archaeology at Athens and of the Society's excavations at Knossos, 1957.

SINCE the war the British School at Athens has been continuing excavations at the great site of Knossos, the capital of Bronze Age (Minoan and Mycenaean) Crete, where Sir Arthur Evans began to dig in 1900. But work has been on a small

owing to the great depth from the surface—about 4 metres (over 12 ft.)—at which the Bronze Age levels here lie, beneath later Geometric and Classical deposits which must also be examined, it has only been possible so far to go down in a small area, and it will require time and money to get substantial results.

On the south side of the road, however, opposite the Armoury, the position is very different. Here Evans had already cleared away much of the later deposit, and the top of the Minoan levels is now only a few feet below the surface. Walls exposed along the edge of the road indicate the presence of large and important buildings, as Evans noted. Evans himself made a few trial pits here, but did not attempt systematic excavation.

This last summer we opened an area 10 metres long and 5 metres wide by the south side of the road, and were rewarded by finding a large amount of Minoan pottery, including groups of complete vases illustrating all the great destructions of the Palace itself in the periods labelled by Evans from the pottery styles Middle Minoan II A (about 1900 B.C.), Middle Minoan III B (about 1600 B.C.) and Late Minoan II, the period of the last great

about 1400 B.C., of a number of pieces of ivory (Figs. 9–16), many of them, it seems, belonging to an ivory box or casket, but including parts of two ivory statuettes, as remarkable for their size (they are the largest of their kind that have yet been found in Greece) as for the beauty and finish of their execution (Figs. 9–16).

These ivories were all recovered from an area of 2 or 3 square yards within a few feet of the road edge. They were lying in a deposit of rubbish which had perhaps been swept out from the ruins of a nearby building wrecked at the same time that the Palace was destroyed about 1400 B.C. They are in a remarkably fine state of preservation, owing perhaps to the wetness of the soil at this point in a hollow where water collects, and which in winter can become a small lake.

The box ivories mostly consist of strips of mouldings (the box itself must have been made of wood, onto which the ivory was fitted by an elaborate series of pins and dowels: Fig. 9); but with them was a plaque in the form of the façade of a house (Fig. 11), which gives us an extraordinarily vivid representation of Minoan domestic architecture. Such model house façades are not new: in the Palace itself Evans found a number of them, also inlays that had decorated a box; but these were of faience, and were smaller in size and earlier in date than ours.

Our house was in two storeys, built of fine squared masonry of the style to be seen in the walls of the Palace itself and of contemporary great mansions of Knossos. In the lower storey is a panelled door, curiously indicated as being two courses above ground-level. But it is known by excavation that the doors from the street were often raised above ground-level, and that houses had basements. The raised door would safeguard

against flood-water rushing in winter-time down the steep slopes on which the cities were built—a real danger in Greece, for in Athens even recently several people were drowned, trapped in downstairs rooms by torrential rains. The door of our house is flanked by narrow windows, and there is a group of three similar strip windows on the floor above. The façade is grim and forbidding, almost fortress-like in appearance.

The remains of the statuettes consist of the outstretched arm and short kilt of one figure (Fig. 10), with the bent arm and part of the trunk of another still larger (Figs. 12 and 13). This larger figure must have stood, when complete, over 40 centimetres (some 16 ins.) high from head to foot. It is by far the largest ivory figure of pre-Classical times of which any trace has yet been found in the Aegean area. So large a figure could not, of course, be made from a single piece of ivory. What we have are two complete finished pieces, each with an elaborate series of holes and grooves (Fig. 13) for pins and dowels by which they could be fastened to other bits. The trunk alone was composed of four separate parts, two front and two back, of which our piece is the back right quarter. The whole figure must have been put together from twelve or more distinct pieces of ivory. It is, as it were, a forerunner of the great gold and ivory statues of Classical times.

The only relics of Bronze Age ivory statues comparable with ours in scale are an arm from Palaikastro, in East Crete, and a number of bits from the area of the Palace at Knossos itself, notably the splendid Acrobat series found by Evans in the Domestic Quarter. These acrobats were very similar to our ivories in the style of their execution and in the system of pins and dowels by which the pieces were fastened. But the workmanship, notably the exquisite veining of the

hands and the muscles of the arms (see Figs. 14, 15 and 16), was, if anything, finer in them than in our ivories, and this would agree with a difference in date; for the acrobats came from a deposit assigned by Evans to the destruction of Middle Minoan III B

[Continued overleaf.]

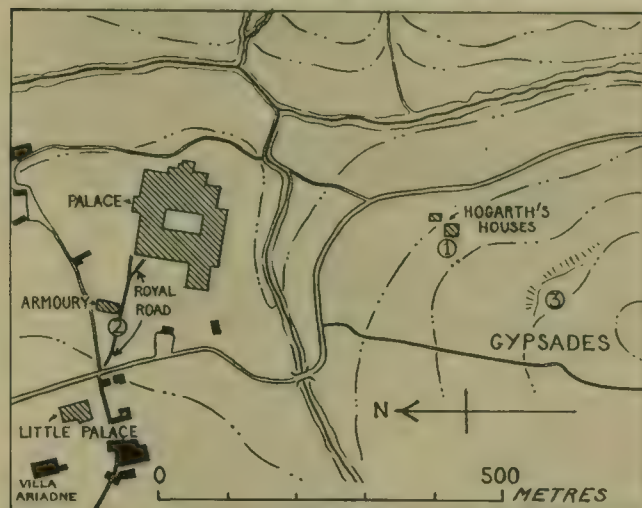


FIG. 1. THE HEART OF THE MINOAN CIVILISATION: A SKETCH-PLAN OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE PALACE OF MINOS AT KNOSSOS, IN CRETE, TO SHOW THE LOCATION OF THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS. (1) The site beside "Hogarth's Houses": excavation here was broken off by the chance discovery at (3) higher up the slope of an early circular tomb; (2) marks the excavations on either side of the Royal Road. It was here, on the south side of the road, that the ivories were found.

scale and confined to the exploration of tombs and early cemeteries, about which little was known until now, and to rescue operations following upon chance discoveries, numerous owing to the intensive agriculture in this, to-day as in the past, wealthy and populous part of the island.

Last summer, for the first time since the war, the School began further excavations within the area of the Minoan city, (1) near the south edge of the city beside a large house cleared by D. G. Hogarth, then Director of the School, in the first year of work at Knossos in 1900, and (2) along the Minoan Royal Road leading westwards from the Palace in the direction of the great mansion which Evans called the Little Palace (Figs. 1 and 2).

The excavations at (1) were interrupted by the chance discovery on the slopes above of a peculiar early type of circular tomb which is discussed below. At (2) work was begun on both sides of the Royal Road, where it dips into a hollow between the Palace and the modern main road to Herakleion. In 1904, on the north side of the road here, Evans cleared a building which produced a fine series of clay tablets, written in the "Mycenaean" Linear B script, and in a language which many people, following the late Dr. Michael Ventris, believe to be an early form of Greek. These tablets are particularly interesting because they deal with stores of weapons and military supplies, as was clear from the pictures which accompanied the writing on them—of spears, arrows, horns for bows, and parts of chariots. Evans therefore called them the Armoury tablets, and thought that the place where they had been found was part of the Armoury or Arsenal of the Minoan Palace.

We have begun to dig on the west side of this building, where Evans suspected that there might be further ramifications of the Arsenal, and last year we recovered two scraps of clay tablets, together with bits of bronze arrow-heads. But



FIG. 2. LOOKING ALONG THE ROYAL ROAD, EASTWARDS, TOWARDS THE GREAT PALACE. EXCAVATIONS WERE MADE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DIP IN THE ROAD; ON THE LEFT, AT THE ARSENAL SITE; ON THE RIGHT, WHERE THE IVORIES WERE FOUND.



FIG. 3. FOUND IN THE ROYAL ROAD EXCAVATIONS: A JAR TOP WITH FLOWER DECORATION OF THE LAST PALACE PERIOD (BEFORE 1400 B.C.).



FIG. 4. A DECORATED CUP, OF THE "TEACUP" TYPE, OF ABOUT 1400 B.C. FOUND WITH THE IVORIES.

Palace destroyed about 1400 B.C., or shortly afterwards (Figs. 4 and 5).

But most interesting was the discovery in a deposit of this last Late Minoan II Palace, together with rubbish and fragments of pottery which must date from the very eve of the destruction





FIG. 5. THE THOLOS TOMB ON THE SLOPE OF GYPSADES: THE WALL ON THE NEARER SIDE WAS REMOVED BY STONE-ROBBERS IN ROMAN TIMES; THE OSSUARY LIES IN THE BACKGROUND. THE MEASURE STICK LIES ON THE LOWEST FLOOR.

## A FAMILY VAULT OF 4000 YEARS AGO: A THOLOS AND OSSUARY DISCOVERED.



FIG. 6. THE SCENE OF FIG. 5, BUT FROM THE FURTHER SIDE. THE RECTANGULAR ROOM IS THE OSSUARY WITH THE THOLOS BEYOND. IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND IS THE LARGE STONE BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE TO THE THOLOS.

*Continued.]*

(about 1600 B.C.), and they are therefore earlier than our statuettes, unless ours (which is always possible with objects of such value) were made a good deal earlier than the time they were broken and discarded. Unfortunately, no heads have yet been found to go with these fragments of arms and bodies. But the deposit which produced them continues beyond the area cleared by us this year, and there is therefore every hope for the future here. Work on the other site (1) within the Minoan city limits was interrupted by the chance discovery on the slopes of the hill called Gypsades just above it, of an early built circular tomb, of a type well known in the Mesara plain of South Crete, but not yet at Knossos or elsewhere along the north coast of the island (Figs. 5-8). The tomb is remarkable, not only for its small size (it is only

*[Continued below, right.]*



FIG. 7. ON THE LEFT IS THE BLOCKING-STONE OF THE THOLOS, WITH BESIDE IT A CLAY COFFIN OF THE "BATH-TUB" TYPE, IN WHICH WAS MADE ONE OF THE TOMB'S LATEST BURIALS. SEE ALSO FIG. 8.



FIG. 8. THE "BATH-TUB" COFFIN, SHOWN IN FIG. 7, WITH THE BURIAL WITHIN. THE TOMB WAS A FAMILY VAULT, USED FOR MANY YEARS, THE OLDER BONES BEING REMOVED INTO THE OSSUARY, WHENEVER A NEW BURIAL WAS MADE IN THE THOLOS.

*Continued.]*

4 metres, some 12 ft., in diameter inside), but also for the extremely late date when it was constructed. Most, at any rate, of the similar tombs in the south of Crete are thought to have been built in the early Minoan period, before 2000 B.C. But our tomb was not erected until the time of the first Palace, the Middle Minoan II A period (about 1900 B.C.), or perhaps even later, to judge from the many characteristic sherds of clay vases found in pockets of the rock beneath the earliest floor inside it. It continued in use, however, a long time, for these round tombs in Crete were always family vaults used by successive generations; and at some point towards the end of the Middle Minoan period (Middle Minoan III B, about 1600 B.C.) the floor inside was raised about a foot higher. On this higher floor we found remains of two skeletons in position, one of which had been in a clay coffin

*[Continued opposite, above.]*



# THE LARGEST STATUETTES IN IVORY FOUND IN GREECE.

FEBRUARY 22, 1958—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—301

## WHAT A MINOAN HOUSE WAS LIKE—IN A KNOSSOS IVORY.



FIG. 10. PARTS OF THE SMALLER IVORY STATUETTE FOUND BY THE ROYAL ROAD: AN OUTSTRETCHED ARM OF GREAT DELICACY OF EXECUTION AND PART OF THE KILT. THE STATUETTE WAS BUILT UP FROM A NUMBER OF PIECES OF IVORY.



FIG. 9. THE BACK OF THE HOUSE FACADE IVORY (FIG. 11) AND TWO IVORY MOULDINGS TO SHOW THE SYSTEM OF GROOVES FOR ATTACHING THE IVORIES TO A WOOD BASE.

*Continued.]*  
(the nearer in Fig. 5). Outside the tomb was a large rectangular building with two compartments which served as an ossuary (Fig. 6). Here the bones of earlier burials were dumped from the tomb itself to make room for newcomers. In this ossuary and in the space between it and the tomb, we found a number of vases decorated in the style of the Late Minoan I A period (about 1600-1500 B.C.).

*[Continued below left.]*



FIG. 11. GIVING A CLEAR PICTURE OF THE GRIM FACADE OF A MINOAN HOUSE: AN IVORY SIDE TO A BOX, SHOWING ASHLAR MASONRY, FIVE SLIT WINDOWS AND A DOOR RAISED TWO COURSES, PERHAPS AS A FLOOD PRECAUTION.



*(Above and right.)*

FIGS. 12 AND 13. THE ARM AND PART OF THE BACK OF THE LARGER IVORY STATUETTE, SHOWN FROM BOTH SIDES, TO SHOW THE METHOD OF JOINING THE VARIOUS UNITS OF THE FIGURE.



*(Left.)*

FIGS. 14, 15 AND 16. THE HAND OF FIG. 10 AND BACK AND FRONT ASPECTS OF THE HAND OF THE OTHER STATUETTE: DETAILS TO SHOW THE NATURALISTIC TREATMENT OF THE VEINS AND MUSCLES.

*Continued.]*

With the exception of these, and of some clay vases and figurines of the earlier Middle Minoan Age, the tomb was very poor. There were no beads, seal-stones, or gold and silver trinkets such as many of the similar tombs of South Crete contained. What is interesting, however, is the fact that our tomb was apparently still standing and still being used at the very time that the earliest circular *tholos* tombs were being built in Mainland Greece. It was once thought that these "Mainland" tombs might have owed their

original inspiration to the early circular tombs of Crete. But this view was afterwards discounted, largely owing to the great gap in time which appeared to separate the Cretan tombs from those of the Mainland. Now, however, it is seen that at the moment when the earliest *tholos* tombs were being constructed on the Greek Mainland, our tomb was standing in a prominent position on the very edge of the city at Knossos, the leading city of Crete and that most in touch with the outside world.



## THE AFTERMATH OF THE FRENCH AIR RAID: SCENES OF DAMAGE IN SAKIET.



ON THE DAY AFTER THE FRENCH AIR RAID OF FEBRUARY 8: A WRECKED CAR AMONG THE BOMB-SHATTERED RUINS IN THE TUNISIAN VILLAGE OF SAKIET.



A PILE OF RUBBLE—ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF SOME OF THE HOUSES IN SAKIET DAMAGED DURING THE RAID. 75 PEOPLE WERE REPORTED KILLED.



MEMBERS OF THE TUNISIAN ARMY DISPLAYING SOME REMAINS OF FRENCH BOMBS AND ROCKETS FOUND AMONG THE RUINS.



INSPECTING THE DAMAGE AT SAKIET: MEMBERS OF FOREIGN DIPLOMATIC MISSIONS IN TUNISIA, INCLUDING THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. LEWIS JONES (FOURTH FROM LEFT).



WHERE, ACCORDING TO TUNISIAN REPORTS, "MOST OF THE PUPILS PERISHED": THE SCHOOL AT SAKIET, WHICH WAS ALLEGEDLY WRECKED IN THE RAID.

These photographs taken in the Tunisian frontier village of Sakiet on the days immediately following the raid carried out by twenty-five French aircraft on February 8, show some of the heavy damage inflicted. Tunisian reports stated that seventy-five people, including nine women and twelve children, had been killed and that another hundred or so had been injured. It was also stated that a large part of the village, which is within a few hundred yards of the Algerian frontier, was destroyed, including local government offices



GUARDED BY TWO TUNISIAN SOLDIERS: A HEAVILY DAMAGED SWISS RED CROSS LORRY—PART OF A MISSION IN THE VILLAGE DURING THE RAID.

and a school. The French authorities, however, claim that the raid was directed against military targets—that Sakiet had been used as a base by Algerian rebel troops, some of whom were quartered in the building stated to have been a school. They said that two anti-aircraft posts were destroyed, a third damaged, and that an Algerian rebel camp near the village had been heavily damaged. Although diplomatic representatives inspected the damage two days after the raid, there had still been no clear report, at the time of

[Continued opposite.]





THE CAUSE OF DEEP TENSION BETWEEN TUNISIA AND FRANCE: THE SCENE OF DESOLATION IN THE BORDER VILLAGE OF SAKIET AFTER THE FRENCH RAID.



CLAIMED BY THE FRENCH TO HAVE BEEN A BASE FOR ALGERIAN REBELS, AND BY THE TUNISIANS JUST AN ORDINARY VILLAGE: SAKIET—A DAMAGED STREET.

*Continued.* writing, as to whose claims were justified. However, there has been widespread feeling that the French action, whatever the reasons for it, was extremely unfortunate and it has caused deep tension between Tunisia and France. President Bourguiba demanded the evacuation of all French troops from Tunisia, and on February 11 the Tunisian Government informed the French authorities that French warships would no longer be allowed to enter Bizerta harbour, and that fire would be opened on any that tried to do so. The French base at Bizerta was established under the protectorate. On the following day

crowds demonstrated in Tunis demanding the immediate withdrawal of French troops, who were confined to barracks. On the same day a Tunisian spokesman said that his Government had officially decided to bring the Sakiet incident before the Security Council in New York. The incident caused grave apprehensions throughout France, but the French Government won a vote of confidence after the matter had been debated in the National Assembly on February 13. The situation in Tunisia continued to grow tenser, and a general strike of Tunisian workers was called for February 14.





"A TOUGH OLD BIRD": CORNWALLIS, ONE OF THE NAVY'S OLD WOODEN WALLS WHICH WAS LAUNCHED IN 1813 AND IS NOW BEING BROKEN UP AT SHEERNESS.

The old wooden wall *Cornwallis*, which was launched at Bombay in 1813 and which has for many years formed a landing jetty at Sheerness Dockyard, is now being broken up, as reported in our issue of December 7 last year. This veteran of bygone campaigns which has withstood the rigours of long years at sea, is presenting considerable difficulties to the breakers, and her stout timbers are resisting to the last. According to the Master of the Royal

Fleet Auxiliary salvage ship *Succour*, whose powerful winches and derricks have been ripping away the massive beams of the *Cornwallis*, the ancient vessel is "a tough old bird," and it has been estimated that the work of dismantling will take up to two years. Operations are complicated by the huge quantity of mud which has settled in *Cornwallis* since she was scuttled and by the giant bolts and spikes of up to 3 ft. in length which lie embedded

in her timbers. In 1815, *Cornwallis* encountered two American vessels in the Atlantic Ocean. Both enemy ships escaped, however, although one was chased for forty-eight hours. In 1842, *Cornwallis* took part in the first China War, in which she fought or lent support in a number of engagements. *Cornwallis* was later fitted with a screw, and became a 60-gun ship, with 200 horse-power. In 1855 she sailed for the Baltic to fight in the campaign

against the Russians, in which she took part in the bombardment of Sveaborg, and also in an engagement at Sandhamn. Afterwards she undertook duty on the West Indies Station, and was later the first of the warships commissioned for the Coast Guard Service when it was reorganised under the Admiralty. She has been at Sheerness since 1865, and during the First World War was commissioned again as H.M.S. *Wildfire*.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flinders.





## A JOURNEY INTO AN ALMOST UNKNOWN WORLD.

**"WAI-WAI. THROUGH THE FORESTS NORTH OF THE AMAZON." By NICHOLAS GUPPY.\***

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"WAI-WAI" is, like "Mau-Mau," a memorable name, but with less unpleasant associations: but, in spite of the title, Mr. Guppy's book is not, in the main, an anthropological study of the manners and customs of the Wai-Wai tribe, though he spent much of his time with these engaging people. His sub-title gives a better clue to the dominant impression left by his book, for he is a botanist with an eye for landscape. This sub-title might more accurately have been: "Through Some of the Forests North of a Short Stretch of the Lower Amazon," for that is where his travels lay, on and over the boundaries of British Guiana and Brazil—but modern taste does not favour such leisurely phrases on title-pages. The main thing is that the book has a fascinating interest throughout. This arises partly from the vividness which springs from enthusiasm, keenness in action, and curiosity in observation, and partly because of the little-known country which he traversed.

For, although British Guiana is a British Colony with an Atlantic Coast, and a rather small one at that, and although we have heard much of late about the domestic politics of that turbulent area, or of its capital and littoral, where the Hindu immigrants have become dominant over the imported Negroes, and the indigenous "Indians" have been squeezed out, we hear little about the interior. I may have missed a few travellers' tales: but frankly, the only new books about British Guiana I remember reading in the last thirty years were a solid two-volume Constitutional History of B.G. by a very enlightened ex-Colonial Governor, and the story of a solitary journey (perhaps by pony and raft) by the young Mr. Evelyn Waugh, who was delighted to come across waterfalls taller, if much thinner, than the Falls of Niagara or those of the Zambezi. Men are talking of flying to the Moon. Some of them hope, when they get there, to dig, with their oxygen masks on, for fossils of animals and plants: some for metals precious on this commercial, scientific planet, but not on the unpopulated moon: I wish them all well, but for me, before I set out for that satellite, I should prefer to investigate the still unknown, to Western man, parts of this earth on which we live. In my life-time, "new" large beasts, the bongo and the okapi, have been discovered by land-travellers, and a "new" fish, the coelocanth, by sea-dredgers. The last of these may well end their days in zoos or museums: if the last dodo hadn't been eaten by a hungry, and quite unscientific mariner, it would have been stuffed by now by a man anxious that his museum should have a "specimen" before the supply ran out. There may be more unrecorded species remaining, for a good deal of the terrestrial world, and a vast deal of the marine world still remains uninvestigated. The ordinary

English atlas misleads people: China has a page and Ireland has a page, the continent of Africa and the sub-continent of India have a page each: so has Switzerland. Who knows what is still to be found in that Asian hinterland on the borders of Tibet, Burma, Siam and China, whence so many of our most beautiful shrubs have come, and (I think) the Giant Panda? Who knows what may still be found on the outskirts of Abyssinia or in the Ituri Forest—when Stanley presumed that he met Livingstone it didn't mean that the whole of Africa was now an open book. As I write, I read that our Prime Minister has just had a happy day in Tasmania (in the course of this new Childe Harold's Pilgrimage) and tooled round

Hobart harbour in a boat: an Australian told me long ago (my information may, of course, be out of date) that there were large tracts of Western Tasmania unexplored, because the forest was dense and tangled, and intersected by ravines in which the swift rivers were blocked by fallen trunks.

That is the sort of country in which Mr. Guppy found himself entangled. He fought his way up mountains, he cut his way through forests, he navigated rivers, with most difficult portages, and everywhere he looked for his plants. Before he set out he had to collect a team, supplies, and trade goods. "Much thought had to be given to the trade goods needed for paying the men.

He picked up an Arawak "Indian" with a remarkable knowledge of trees. "Then there was Andrew Macdonald: half Scot, half Macusi-Indian, he had lived among the Wai-Wais and spoke their language as well as English and Wapisiana, and in 1938 he had been on the Terry-Holden Expedition, the only expedition to cross the Acarai Mountains and descend the Mapuera River, on their far side, to the Amazon." And then, "one day when I arrived at my office there was a man of inscrutable countenance awaiting me, leaning against a post. . . He was short, tremendously broad and deep-chested and obviously of gigantic strength. From his face, which was very handsome, rather like that of an Egyptian Pharaoh, and impenetrably black, I guessed that he was half Arawak, half East Indian. He was dressed in khaki, and wore an Australian bushranger's hat with a curled-up brim. This he swept off, and, approaching me, introduced himself as George Gouveia, a man of many years' experience in the bush. Most important, he also had been in the Serra Acarai, some eighteen years before, working with the Boundary Commission. He had the highest reference: the Commissioner of the Interior."

Mr. Guppy had one more river to pass: an American Nonconformist Mission. This seems to have been as well-meaning as all Missions are, but rather infected by the odd notion that the main job of Christians is to get people to put on aprons or trousers, whether of fig-leaves, or of Manchester cotton. However, the missionaries were extremely helpful to him, and off he went.

Into the forest he went, with changing Indian companions and guides, treading some roads which had never before been trodden by a white man's foot, climbing hills and canoeing down rivers which had probably never been traversed by a white man before. All the way he noted the trees and plants, recording their Latin names and, in the end, bringing back one named after himself. All the way, also, he observed, and photographed, his native companions: they included two very beautiful young women, one of whom looks like a jolly healthy minx and the other like an extremely well-bred European girl who has stayed up too

often and too late at cocktail parties, and may even have been persuaded to take drugs. I sincerely hope that I am not libelling a Wai-Wai girl: it's the last thing I should wish to do.

My ultimate test of this sort of book is whether it leaves me with the feeling that I have been there myself. Mr. Guppy has succeeded in producing this illusion. But I wish he would go, with machetes and axes, to Western Tasmania—unless, of course, my information is out of date!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 320 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. NICHOLAS GUPPY.

Mr. Nicholas Guppy was born in 1925 in Port of Spain, Trinidad. Educated at Kelly College, Tavistock; Trinity, Cambridge and Magdalen, Oxford, he joined the Colonial Service in 1948 and went to British Guiana. While there he led six exploratory expeditions into the interiors of British Guiana and Brazil. From 1953-55 he was guest scientist to the New York Botanical Garden, and from there led expeditions to Venezuela and to Surinam, in Dutch Guiana. The tropical aquarium fish which bears his name was originally called *Girardinus guppyi* after his grandfather, who sent it to the British Museum.



THE MILKY JUICE RAN OUT OF THE BASKETS UNTIL "THE WHOLE STREAM WAS OPAQUE AND WHITISH": WAI-WAIS POISONING THE WATER UNTIL THE FISH LAY GASPING AND HELPLESS.



"MOST IMPRESSIVE OF ALL WERE TWO SCARLET MACAW FEATHERS WHICH SWEEP, LIKE GIGANTIC MOUSTACHES, FROM BELOW HIS NOSE": FONYUWE.



"SHE GAVE US ALL A DAZZLING SMILE . . . SHE EXHUED FEMININE SOFTNESS AND APPEAL": YUKUMA'S YOUNG WIFE, WHO WAS ABOUT SIXTEEN.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Wai-Wai," by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.

For the semi-civilised Wapisiana Indians who would form the nucleus of the party I bought penknives, mouth-organs, shirts, trousers, canvas boots, colourful belts and hats. But for the Wai-Wais I had to be more careful, for I was determined to buy nothing which would alter their way of life, and eventually I fixed on a few simple things: red, white and blue beads, fish-hooks, knives, scissors, combs, axes, cooking-pots, cutlasses, needles, safety-pins . . . and, as *pièce de résistance*, a large and clumsy umbrella which I pictured myself presenting to some particularly puissant chief."

\* "Wai-Wai. Through the Forests North of the Amazon." By Nicholas Guppy. Illustrated. (John Murray; 28s.)



# MEN WHO CAN SLEEP IN A REFRIGERATOR: AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES WHO HAVE BEEN FOUND TO RESIST COLD.



(Left.) BEFORE THE TESTS, THE FIRST OF WHICH WERE HELD IN WINTER CONDITIONS 150 MILES WEST OF ALICE SPRINGS, IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA: PETER, AN ABORIGINE, BEING WEIGHED. HE WAS ALSO MEASURED BEFORE THE TESTS WERE STARTED.



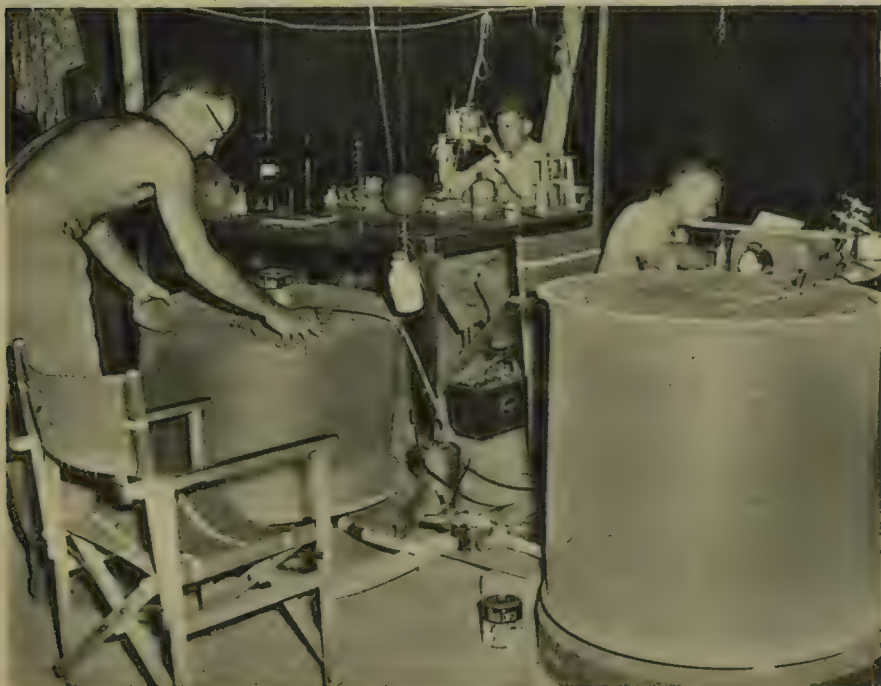
(Right.) DURING ONE OF THE MANY TESTS WHICH WERE MADE DURING THE SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS: JASPER, ANOTHER ABORIGINE, HAVING HIS SKIN TESTED FOR THICKNESS TO DETERMINE HOW MUCH IT WOULD HELP HIS RESISTANCE TO COLD.



DR. H. T. HAMMEL WITH JASPER. THE TAPES SHOW WHERE THE THERMOCOUPLES WERE STRAPPED TO VARIOUS PARTS OF THE ABORIGINE'S BODY.



HAVING A MEAL IN THEIR QUARTERS DURING THE SERIES OF TESTS: THE SCIENTISTS WHO CONDUCTED THE INVESTIGATION, AND THEIR ABORIGINE SUBJECTS.



AIR EXPELLED FROM THE LUNGS OF THE SUBJECTS TESTED BEING COLLECTED IN "TANKS" AND TESTED FOR OXYGEN CONTENT.



JASPER SLEEPING SOUNDLY DURING THE TESTS. AIR WAS EXPELLED FROM THE HOOD THROUGH THE PIPE (LEFT) WHICH LED TO THE "TANKS."

A team of American, Australian and Norwegian scientists, who recently concluded a series of experiments with natives from the Central Australian desert and the tropical coastline near Darwin, have proved, beyond doubt, that Australian aborigines can sleep in the open or in a refrigerated chamber in temperatures down to 30 degs. F. without feeling the cold. The Australian aborigines are the only people in the world, so far, to have been found with such a resistance. Dr. H. T. Hammel, of the University of Pennsylvania, who led the expedition, said that the aborigines "have a natural resistance to cold unknown to white men or people such as Eskimos or Lapps, who live in Arctic climates but protect themselves with warm clothing." The tests were started in winter conditions at the tiny Areyonga mission station, 150 miles west of Alice Springs, in Central Australia. They proved conclusively that natives took almost no notice of cold which caused intense discomfort to white men. They slept soundly, "snoring their heads off," while the white

scientists shivered and were sleepless throughout the night. The scientists then wanted to find out if this was a seasonal condition, so they returned to Areyonga in the summer with a refrigerated van which had a sleeping chamber cooled to 30 deg. F. The tests again proved that the natives were immune to the cold. The scientists then took their van to Darwin to find out whether the immunity was common to aborigines from tropical areas who never experience a cold climate. The results were the same. Dr. Hammel said: "They shiver much less than we do under the same thermal conditions," and added that this might be due to a physiological difference produced by acclimatisation to cold, or it might be derived from the stoic attitude of natives to pain and discomfort. He said that further investigation of white subjects trained to sleep while cold would be necessary to determine the effects of stoicism. During the tests measurements were taken with thermocouples taped to various parts of the bodies of the aborigines and the white subjects.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### ENGLISH ALABASTER CARVINGS.

flanked by the Annunciation and the Adoration on one side and by the Ascension and the Coronation of the Virgin on the other.

Lordships' instructions were of little account in some quarters compared to the chance of making a profit.

THE late Dr. W. L. Hildburgh, American citizen, one-time skating champion, authority on many things from folklore and magic to Spanish Goldsmiths' work, and as modest and genial a man as one can imagine, celebrated his seventieth birthday in 1946 by presenting his collection of more than 200 English alabaster carvings to the Victoria and Albert Museum. He had been a consistent benefactor for many years and, on his death in 1955, bequeathed to it the remainder of his varied collections, a selection from which is to be seen now in a special exhibition, which includes three or four of the alabasters. Thanks to this lovable enthusiast, there is now no place in the world where this English school of carving, which had a comparatively short existence, can be studied so thoroughly. It must be confessed that the enquirer, faced by the formidable array of the 200, is liable to be exhausted fairly soon. A little perseverance, however, will enable him to come to terms with a craft which, while not to be compared with contemporary pieces in less easily-worked materials, either here or elsewhere in Europe—at least that's my opinion—displays a consistent sincerity for about a century and a half, throws a good deal of light upon the mediæval attitude to religion and occasionally achieves a touching tenderness.

Very little is known about its beginnings, except that by 1350 there seems to have been a fairly substantial trade in what were known as "tables," that is, panels 2 or 3 ft. in height, all of devotional subjects. The main centre would seem to have been Nottingham, but there were workshops also at London and York, while the material came

It is a popular art, taking its models, as often as not, from ordinary people and combining sophistication with a nursery naivety. If, for example, you look closely at the Annunciation scene on the left you can scarcely fail to be impressed by the grace of Mary's deprecating gesture as the angel delivers his message, or by the formal pattern of the folds of her dress which are so contrived that they flow downwards and across until they fill the lower part of the panel and, as it were, anchor it to the ground—an unnatural method, no doubt, of filling an empty space, but none the less highly successful. But in the Ascension scene on the right, the solemn moment for most moderns is rendered a trifle ludicrous by the feet and a few inches of robe above the heads of the Apostles; to us an extraordinarily clumsy invention which shows how far removed we are from the pious simplicity of our ancestors.



FIG. 1. AMONG THE COLLECTION OF 200 ENGLISH ALABASTERS GIVEN TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM IN 1946 BY DR. W. L. HILDBURGH, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY: "THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST TO MARY MAGDALENE"—A FINE LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RELIEF. (Height, 21½ ins.)

By about the year 1500 the industry was in decline and came to an end with the Reformation. How many panels were then destroyed no man can tell, and no one paid any attention to those which were left until fifty or sixty years ago; indeed, before about 1890 there was a difference of opinion as to whether they were English at all. A great many have been found on the Continent, sufficient to show there was a considerable

export trade in them, and that this did not wholly come to an end at the Reformation is likely on the evidence of this letter sent by Sir John Masone to

It is a little surprising to learn that the "Englishness" of these alabaster carvings was ever in doubt, though it is difficult to put into words in what exactly that "Englishness" consists: wide space between nose and lips, the slight droop on each side of the mouth, are characteristic of both English drawing of the time and of carvings in other materials. I ask myself whether this actually was a dominant type of face during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries or whether it was little more than an artistic convention considered appropriate to sacred personages. I don't pretend to know the answer, but believe that most people would agree that if we found ourselves seated at dinner opposite this type of face we should be a little taken aback, whereas we should take for granted the features of the majority of the women and of many of the less exalted men. The latter are often of the type with which we are familiar in the carvings in wood on choir stalls or on the capitals of pillars, fairly obviously portraits—or near portraits—of the workmates of the sculptors. Sometimes, as in the case of the soldiers in scenes of the Scourging, or in the kiss of Judas, the faces are deliberately



FIG. 2. SET IN AN OAK FRAMEWORK: AN ALTARPIECE WITH PAINTED AND GILDED ENGLISH ALABASTER PANELS OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. THIS IMPORTANT PIECE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM IS DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE. (Height, 33 ins; length, 7 ft.)

from quarries at Chellaston, in Derbyshire, and Tutbury, in Staffordshire. The carvings were invariably painted and gilded—perhaps though "tinted" would be a more accurate term if one can judge from what remains after so many years of the original colours. Most of them would have been enclosed in a wooden housing, of which there are one or two surviving examples. Some, no doubt, would be sold singly to private individuals, others would be combined to form an altar-piece as in the impressive series of Fig. 2, in which the panel of God the Father and the Crucifixion is

the Privy Council in 1550 ("Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, 1547-1553"). "Three or four ships have lately arrived from England laden with images, which have been sold at Paris, Rouen and other places, and, being eagerly purchased, give to the ignorant people occasion to talk according to their notions: which needed not had their Lordships' command for defacing them been observed." No doubt there were other carvings besides alabasters in these cargoes—and other vessels carrying similar goods sailing to Flanders as well as to France. It would seem fairly clear that their

brutalised and might have been taken from paintings by Hieronymus Bosch. The women's faces (so they appear to me) tend towards the Flemish type, with high cheek-bones, smallish chins and high foreheads; particularly noticeable, I would suggest, in the Virgin of the Annunciation and the Adoration in the altar-piece of Fig. 2; while of the three Magi in the Adoration, two are bearded and conform to the normal pattern, the third—top left—reminds me forcibly of the young King Richard in "The Wilton Diptych" in the National Gallery. Am I being merely fanciful?



# "PAYSAGES DE FRANCE": 19TH-CENTURY PAINTINGS IN A LONDON EXHIBITION.



"NEVERS; PAYSAGE D'ETE, CHEVAUX AU PATURAGE": A FINE WORK OF 1860, BY HENRI-JOSEPH HARPIGNIES (1819-1916). (Oil on canvas: 10½ by 16½ ins.)



"PAYSANNE DANS UN PAYSAGE," BY LEON RICHEL (1847-1907), WHO WAS A PUPIL OF DIAZ AND A CLOSE FOLLOWER OF THE BARBIZON SCHOOL: IN THE EXHIBITION OF "PAYSAGES DE FRANCE" AT H. TERRY-ENGELL'S. (Oil on canvas: 16½ by 24½ ins.)



"LE CHEMIN DU VILLAGE," BY LEON GERMAIN PELOUSE (1838-1891), WHO STARTED LIFE AS A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER. (Oil on canvas: 21½ by 15 ins.)



"BOUQUET D'ARBRES DANS LA CAMPAGNE," BY JULES DUPRE (1811-1889). BORN IN NANTES, HE WENT TO PARIS AND BECAME A FOLLOWER OF THE BARBIZON PAINTERS. (Oil on canvas: 17 by 16½ ins.)



"LE MOULIN," A WORK OF 1878 BY LEON RICHEL, BY WHOM THERE ARE SIX PAINTINGS IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Oil on canvas: 28½ by 23½ ins.)



"EFFET DE MATIN, BORD DE RIVIERE," BY PAUL DESIRE TROUILLEBERT (1829-1900), WHO ALSO PAINTED PORTRAITS AND HISTORICAL PIECES. (Oil on canvas: 18½ by 23 ins.)



"JEUNE FILLE DANS UN PAYSAGE," BY ADOLPHE-FELIX CALS (1810-1880). SIGNED AND DATED, 1845. (Oil on paper on canvas: 9½ by 11½ ins.)

The exhibition of "*Paysages de France*," which continues at H. Terry-Engell's, 8, Bury Street, St. James's, until March 15, covers a wide variety of nineteenth-century French landscape painting. Starting with a small panel by Georges Michel, it ranges through the work of several members of the Barbizon School and their followers, and ends with more recent canvases by artists such as Jacques-Emile Blanche and Lucien Adrien. When viewing

this exhibition, it is interesting to bear in mind the four small landscape paintings by A. F. Desportes (1661-1743) which are shown in Gallery XI in the current Winter Exhibition at Burlington House. These sketches are exceptionally early examples of French landscape painting from nature and are fascinating precursors of the work of a century later and beyond seen in the sixty-eight paintings of Mr. Terry-Engell's interesting exhibition.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



MY earliest encounter with a lemon was not a happy one. It was at my first real children's party when I was a very small boy. I became involved in

an elaborate game in which we processed, in crocodile formation, around and under a living arch formed by two grown-ups. We chanted—at least the other brats did—a foolish ritual jingle about oranges, lemons, church bells, a debt for the paltry sum of five farthings, and Lord-knows-what-all—till finally I was trapped by the human arch and a grown-up whispered in my ear would I have oranges or lemons. Bewildered I said "lemons." There followed the tug-of-war without rope, and that, I hoped, was the end of that. Not on your life. We trooped into another room for refreshments—an acre or so of jellies, trifles, fancy cakes, and biscuits and crackers. Our hostess asked me if I'd like an orange. Still that hateful game, I thought, so naturally, having chosen lemons, I had to say, "No, a lemon, please," and no amount of kindly and well-meant persuasion could induce me to go back on the rules of the game. The fuss and the publicity were most embarrassing to me, but no, it must be a lemon. In the end, a lemon was unearthed from the kitchen, and given to me, and I didn't know what to do with the damn thing. And I was longing for an orange. If only my hostess had realised that a glass of lemonade would have satisfied me, as coming within the meaning of the act!...

For long after that I hated the sight of a lemon, or even the sound of the name. Eventually, however, I did grow out of, and live down, the inhibition, only to have a set-back years later. But it was a practical rather than a psychological set-back, in fact, a scunner.

I was working on a fruit farm in South Africa, a somewhat primitive life with my bachelor boss. Not a collar between us. We killed, and consumed, a sheep a week—native servants intervening—and I made all our bread. But the boss, having no orange trees on the farm, had made vast quantities of lemon marmalade. Why lemon I could not say. We had acres of superb plums, peaches and apricots. But lemon marmalade had been made, and on that I lived for a whole year. It put me off lemon in any and every form for a good twenty years or more.

When on a plant-collecting expedition in Chile in 1928 I made the acquaintance of a local speciality which they called the Pica lemon. It was grown, I gathered, somewhere "up country" at a place called Pica, and consignments of the fruit arrived from time to time in the big towns, Valparaiso and Santiago, and their arrival was always heralded by notices in the best hotel and club bars, "Pica Lemons To-day," whereupon everyone hastened to drink copious cocktails, especially gin sours, made with Pica lemons. And monstrous good they were. This, I felt, was a citrus fruit which most certainly ought to be introduced to England, for eventual distribution among the citrus-growing countries of the British Dominions. After some difficulty, and thanks to the help of a good friend, I secured half

### LEMONS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

a dozen young Pica lemon trees, direct from Pica, plus a few dozen of the lemons themselves. One of the young trees went, I remember, to Kew, and the rest were given to various folk who seemed likely to be interested. But, alas, my well-meant efforts were wasted, through my own ignorance. It turned out that the Pica lemon is nothing but the ordinary lime of commerce, a fruit which, hitherto, I had only met in bottled form, as lime-juice cordial, which I have always loathed—most cordially.

In the famous garden at La Mortola on the Italian Riviera, there is a wonderful collection of citrus trees, which includes, apparently, every known species and variety of citrus fruit, from tangerines and the tiny limes, to Jaffa oranges, grape-fruits, and the enormous pomelos which look like grape-fruits as big as footballs—almost. But the variety which interested me most was a form of lemon which had the true, full lemon flavour, but which was sweet as the sweetest orange, so that one could suck one without wincing. I have always regretted that I did not make an effort to obtain a young specimen of this remarkable lemon. It would be the ideal lemon with which to bring off the ancient practical joke of reducing a brass band to spluttering silence by ostentatiously sucking a lemon in full view of the players. The sight is said to make their mouths water so copiously and uncontrollably that their best efforts are drowned in a flood of saliva. I have often wondered whether this really is so. It is a pretty idea. But the thought of sucking a lemon in cold blood has always deterred me from trying the experiment.

Another matter. Ever since I came to live in the Cotswolds my plants of the Algerian iris, *Iris stylosa*—or, as the botanical nomenclaturists (they deserve such a title), or, as I was saying, as the B.N.s would have us call it, *Iris unguicularis*—has been a 90 per cent. failure. And I thought I knew the simple trick of growing and flowering that lovely species. I have told of the trick pretty often. I would have thought that the conditions I gave my plants here were ideal. I planted them in limy, gravelly soil at the foot of a wall facing west, yet for seven or eight years they never produced more than a dozen or two blossoms in any season, whereas those same plants in my garden at Stevenage used to produce flowers by the hundred.

Last spring I dug them all up and planted them in fresh ground at the foot of a wall facing full south, and hope this will give them what they want. I am inclined to think, however, that it was not lack of the sunshine in their western as opposed to a south aspect that was the trouble. True, *stylosa* does enjoy all the sun it can get. I think the trouble was that the plants got too much moisture, from rain beating on the high western wall of the house and running down to the irises at the bottom. This would happen every time it rained with the wind in the west, and that happens pretty often in this part of the country.

But that name *unguicularis*. What monster was it, I wonder, who dared to plant it upon so lovely a flower as the Algerian iris. It ought to have been reserved for certain types of unpleasing people. In a negative sense one might describe a type which is all too common, "a poor unguicular creature—hasn't a clue," or alternatively, in more positive vein—"A nasty guiculus little twirp." But for the Algerian iris, never!



THE ALGERIAN IRIS—*I. STYLOSA*, OR MORE CORRECTLY, *UNGUICULARIS*—WHICH HAS FLOWERS OF PALE LAVENDER BLUE, FRAGRANT AND AS DELICATE IN TEXTURE AS AN ORCHID, PRODUCED, WITH GOOD MANAGEMENT—AND LUCK—FROM NOVEMBER TO MARCH. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

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# ROYAL SEA BIRDS, SEEN BY THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE PREMIER.



IN STRIKING CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE: A SEVEN-MONTH-OLD ALBATROSS CHICK CALLING TO OTHER ALBATROSSES FLYING OVERHEAD.

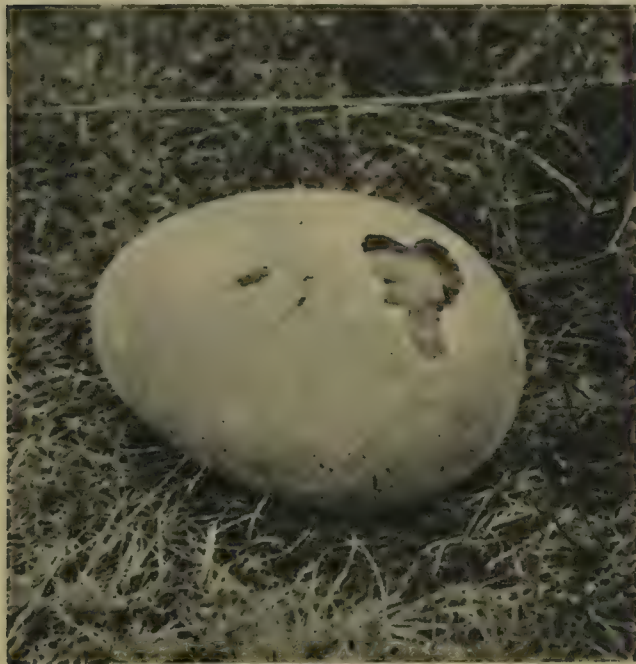


CHECKING UP ON THE BIRDS' PROGRESS AT TAIAROA HEAD: A KEEPER WEIGHING AN ALBATROSS CHICK AFTER IT HAD HAD A MEAL.

# AT TAIAROA HEAD, NEW ZEALAND: THE ROYAL ALBATROSS SANCTUARY.



SPREADING HIS 9 FT. OF WINGS: A SEVEN-MONTH-OLD ROYAL ALBATROSS (*DIOMEDEA EPOMOPHORA*) WHICH IS WHITE WITH BLACK PRIMARIES.



IN A SHALLOW GRASS NEST: AN ALBATROSS EGG WHICH TAKES THREE DAYS TO HATCH AFTER IT IS FIRST CHIPPED. ONLY A SINGLE EGG IS LAID.



SHOWING ITS STRANGE-LOOKING CURVED BEAK: A NINE-DAY-OLD ALBATROSS CHICK WHICH IS SNOW-WHITE AND FLUFFY.



NOW GROWING UP: A FIVE-MONTH-OLD CHICK WHICH AT THIS AGE HAS SOME BLACK FEATHERS APPEARING BENEATH THE FLUFFY WHITE DOWN. THE FIRST CHICK WAS REARED AT TAIAROA HEAD IN 1938.



WITH FATHER: A FLUFFY WHITE CHICK DISPLAYING ITS BEAUTIFUL WINGS IN THE SANCTUARY ON THE STONY HEADLAND AT OTAGO.



BROODING THE DAY-OLD CHICK NESTLING BETWEEN HIS WEBBED FEET: A MALE ALBATROSS ON GUARD DUTY.

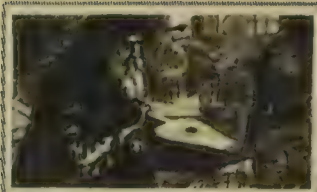


MEALTIME AT TAIAROA HEAD: A MALE ALBATROSS FEEDING HIS CHICK IN THE CHARACTERISTIC CROSS-BILLED FASHION.

During their recent tours of New Zealand Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and the Prime Minister, Mr. Macmillan, both paid visits to the albatross colony at Taiaroa Head, overlooking the entrance to the port of Otago. On January 26 Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan spent two hours there, and on February 11 the Queen Mother enjoyed a morning at the sanctuary. The stony headland is the home of a colony of Royal albatrosses which are zealously protected. After the first chick had been reared in

1938 the breeding pairs suddenly rose from one to seven, but World War II brought an inevitable decline in their fortunes. This was followed in the post-war years by a further decline which was caused by curious, although well-intentioned, people who unconsciously disturbed the timid birds. At the beginning of the 1948-49 season it was decided to restrict visits to the colony by the general public for a number of years in order to build up a really strong colony and to perpetuate it for the future.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



**J**ULY should be the most appropriate month, in this country, in which to introduce the mute swan. In that month the traditional ceremonies of swan-upping take place, that is when the Royal Swanherd and the swanherds of the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies have their annual expedition up the Thames, to pinion and to mark the young swans with the marks of their several owners. Similar but less well-known ceremonies take place on the rivers Yare and Wensum, near Norwich. These are all that remain to remind us of the long and complicated history of the mute swan in England. The details of this history, the status of the swan in the past and to-day, and the means used in marking the swans are all set forth in a handsome volume, "The Mute Swan in England," by Norman F. Ticehurst (Cleaver-Hume Press; 35s.). Its author, a surgeon and one of our leading ornithologists, has for thirty years been studying the records from the thirteenth century onwards. The results of his researches are here brought together, and illustrated with numerous plates of the various markings used to identify the swans belonging to the many owners in the past.

Mr. Ticehurst takes the view, which seems to me inescapable, in spite of other opinions to the contrary, that the mute swan is indigenous in this country. Probably in its original wild state it ranged over East Anglia and little beyond. At the same time, it has been domesticated for so long that to-day its choice of nesting site is slightly different from that of the truly wild birds found on the continent of Europe. Even so, Heinroth, the eminent German ornithologist, who made a close comparison of wild and semi-domesticated or domesticated swans, could find no fundamental difference in their habits apart from this.

The date when the mute swan in England was first domesticated and elevated to the dignity of a

### ROYAL AND MAJESTIC BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The territorial instinct is highly developed in swans, and the territory required by a single pair is of considerable extent. So it followed that a state of semi-domestication, in private waters "of considerable extent," provided the conditions that suited it best. The most famous swannery to-day is that at Abbotsbury, in Dorset, where 500 to 1000 pairs may be seen. In former times there was similar abundance in other parts of the country. No exact figures have been kept for the Thames but the secretary of the Venetian Ambassador, Capello, writing in 1496, said: "... it is a truly beautiful thing to behold one or two thousand tame swans upon the River Thames, as I, and also your magnificence have seen." Later writers in

and most successful experiment in combined bird-protection and aviculture that has ever been carried out. His book embodies this idea, but it is mainly concerned with the social history and the records of the great landed families which the swan to a large extent, as it were, carried on its back.

This last comment is perhaps less a statement of fact than an introduction to a letter received while reading Mr. Ticehurst's book, and which seems appropriate to quote here. It is from Mrs. Ronald Baynes, who writes *apropos* of my recent notes of swans carrying their young on their backs. She says: "You may be interested to hear that my husband and I actually saw one doing so on the Kennet-Avon Canal, near Horton Bridge, 3 miles from Devizes. When we first saw them the birds were all in line, one cygnet rather behind the others. We noticed the swan then stretch one leg straight behind it, the webbed foot on the surface, whereupon the cygnet climbed on to the foot, and then up on to the back, where the wings were slightly raised as though to keep it from falling off either side. It then appeared to settle down comfortably. Later, my husband saw, apparently, the same birds, but that time there were three cygnets being carried."

For me, the chief interest here is the apparently deliberate actions of the parent, in offering a foot and then arching the wings for the reception of the cygnet. Both are natural actions for a swan, but here they are used in an unusual way. It is not uncommon to see a swan swimming, or, more descriptively, gliding over the water, with one foot held straight back and clear of the water. It is said, by Heinroth, to be peculiar to the mute swan and the black swan. The purpose is said to be that of holding



SWIMMING WITH ITS LEFT FOOT EXTENDED STRAIGHT BACK: A SWAN WITH CYGNETS. THE SWAN MAY EXTEND ITS FOOT TO DRY THE WEB BEFORE PLACING IT UNDER THE FLANK, AND IT MAY ON OCCASION BE USED TO ASSIST A CYGNET ON TO THE PARENT'S BACK.

Photographs by Neave Parker.



WITH A CYGNET AT THE NEST: A SWAN WITH ITS RIGHT FOOT EXTENDED BACKWARDS IN WHAT MAY BE NO MORE THAN A POSITION OF COMFORT.



AT REST: TWO CYGNETS, ONE OF WHICH HAS ITS LEFT FOOT EXTENDED BACKWARDS IN THE SAME WAY AS THE PARENT BIRD.

Royal bird is unknown, except that it was prior to 1186. "The meaning of this status is that, although anyone may keep swans as captives on his own private waters, and if they escape may pursue and recapture them, provided the pursuit be continuous, all others at liberty on open and common waters belong to the Crown by prerogative right. The Crown could, and did, grant to subjects the privilege of keeping swans on open and common waters, provided they were pinioned and marked with their owner's mark." The reasons for the swans being so kept were four-fold. The possession of swans created an air of distinction and importance, since they were Royal birds, the permission to keep them being under licence from the Royal household. Once possessing them, their owners were in the position of being able to use them as distinctive gifts. They could also use them for food, and for profit, by selling them. Before the advent of the turkey they were customarily eaten at Christmas and at all large banquets.

the sixteenth century testified to the same effect. John Taylor, on his way up the Avon to Salisbury, in 1625, reported: "... as I passed up the river, at the least 2000 swans, like so many pilots, swam in the deepest places before me and showed me the way." Ticehurst estimates that in the Fens alone the total population of swans must, in the sixteenth century, have totalled "something in the region of 24,000," belonging to 800 registered owners. It was a profitable business, for in 1274 we find "the price of a swan as food fixed by the *Statuta Poetrie* of the City of London at 3s., whereas the best capon could be sold for 2½d., a goose for 5d., and a pheasant for 4d." The prices changed with the times, but always there was this proportion.

Whatever may have been the motives for keeping swans, the number of laws, regulations and customs, that governed its keeping, led to its being, as Ticehurst points out, the subject of the greatest

the foot with web expanded in order to dry it "before adroitly bringing it forward to insert it under cover of the flank feathers without wetting it again."

This may or may not be an acceptable explanation, but it would appear that the action of holding the leg straight out behind has more than one function. From an excellent series of photographs taken by Neave Parker several years ago, of which only a few are shown here, it seems to be used on dry land as well. It may be coincidence that in all these the action is associated with the presence of a cygnet. Rather, it would seem to come under the heading of the so-called "comfort movements," since in one picture a cygnet at rest can be seen doing it. Even so, if these pictures do nothing else, they emphasise how natural the movement must be to a swan, and how easily it could be turned to another purpose, to succour a cygnet.



# PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE SUCCESSFUL LABOUR CANDIDATE AT ROCSDALE: MR. J. McCANN.**

Mr. J. McCann, Labour, was successful in the Rochdale by-election, polling for which took place on February 12. The result was: J. McCann—22,133; L. Kennedy, Liberal—17,603; and J. E. Parkinson, Conservative—9827, the Labour majority being 4530. There was a Tory majority of 1590 in the "straight fight" in the General Election of 1955.



**AN EMINENT PSYCHO-ANALYST: THE LATE DR. ERNEST JONES.**

Dr. Ernest Jones, a leading figure in the world of psycho-analysis, died, aged seventy-nine, on February 11. He did much pioneer work in England and in the international sphere in psycho-analysis, and was the collaborator and friend of Freud, of whom he had written a biography which is considered a masterpiece. He had written books on psycho-analysis and other subjects.



**A FAMOUS FRENCH PAINTER DIES: GEORGES ROUAULT.**

Georges Rouault, who died in Paris aged eighty-six on February 13, was a leading figure among contemporary French painters. His paintings are often either strikingly satirical or religious, and are painted in a strongly individual style which owes much to his early apprenticeship to a stained-glass maker. He illustrated books and also designed for Diaghilev.



**THE NEW FOREIGN MINISTER OF COMMUNIST CHINA: MR. CHEN YI.**

Mr. Chen Yi, a deputy Prime Minister, has been appointed Foreign Minister of Communist China, a post which has been held since the People's Government was formed in September 1949 by Mr. Chou En-lai, the Prime Minister. He has had wide military experience and led the Communist army which took Shanghai in 1949, of which city he became mayor.



**(Left.) TO CAPTAIN THE OXFORD HOCKEY ELEVEN AT EDGBASTON: M. A. EAGAR.** Michael A. Eagar, who is at Worcester College, is to lead the Oxford hockey side which is to play the Cambridge eleven today at Edgbaston, a new venue for the match. Mr. Eagar, who is an Irish international hockey player, received his previous education at Rugby School.



**DURING HIS RECENT VISIT TO INDIA: THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN (IN UNIFORM) WITH, LEFT, MR. NEHRU AND THE INDIAN PRESIDENT.** Following his state visit to Pakistan early in February, King Mohammed Zahir Shah of Afghanistan paid a fifteen-day state visit to India. King Mohammed Zahir Shah of the constitutional monarchy of Afghanistan succeeded his father, who was assassinated in 1933. (Above right is the Indian Vice-President.)

**(Right.) THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO PERU: SIR BERKELEY GAGE.** Sir Berkeley Gage, lately Ambassador in Bangkok, is to be Ambassador in Lima in succession to Sir W. Montagu-Pollock. Sir Berkeley, who is fifty-three, has served in Rome, Peking and The Hague, and before his appointment in Bangkok was Consul-General in Chicago.



**(Right.) TO CAPTAIN THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY HOCKEY TEAM: S. C. MACDONALD.** Stephen C. Macdonald, of Selwyn College, is to captain the Cambridge University hockey eleven which is to play against Oxford at Edgbaston today, February 22. He has played seven times in Scotland's international team, and was educated at Culford School.



**(Left.) AFTER A SUCCESSFUL SIMULATED SPACE FLIGHT: DONALD FARRELL.** Donald Farrell, an American airman, recently successfully underwent a seven-day simulated space flight in Texas. The only after-effects appear to have been a slight loss of weight and a feeling of tiredness. In his test cubicle, he breathed the same air constantly re-purified.



**A LEADING SUFFRAGETTE DIES: DAME CHRISTABEL PANKHURST.**

Dame Christabel Pankhurst, who died at the age of seventy-seven in Los Angeles on February 13, was one of the leading figures of the militant suffragette movement of the beginning of the century, in which her mother and sister also played important parts. Deeply religious, she was later an evangelical preacher in America, where she had lived for many years.



**THE TUNISIAN AMBASSADOR LEAVING PARIS AFTER THE RAID ON SAKIYET SIDI YOUSSEF: M. MASMOUDI (LEFT), WITH M. FRANÇOIS MAURIAU.** Following the raid by French aircraft on the Tunisian village of Sakiyet Sidi Youssef, the Tunisian Ambassador in Paris, M. Masmoudi, was recalled. Before his departure several leading French politicians and journalists, and M. François Mauriac, the novelist and Nobel Prize winner, came to see him. He in turn called on some eminent Frenchmen, including General de Gaulle.



**AN AMERICAN CABINET RESIGNATION: MR. HAROLD STASSEN.**

Mr. Harold Stassen, President Eisenhower's Disarmament Adviser, resigned on February 15. The resignation is thought to have resulted from a clash between his optimistic views on disarmament talks with Russia and those of Mr. Dulles. He will seek election as Governor of Pennsylvania. Since resigning, Mr. Stassen has proposed new disarmament talks.





## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

### MIRACLE PLAY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

GRAHAM GREENE continues his exciting attempt to get on terms with the theatre. "The Potting Shed," at the Globe, is a modern miracle play. You will appreciate what I mean when you hear the plot. You may appreciate, too, why, during the première, I remembered (and in no mocking mood) G. K. Chesterton's "Ballade of Suicide":

The world will have another working day;  
The decadents decay; the pedants pall;  
And H. G. Wells has found that children play,  
And Bernard Shaw discovered that they squall;  
Rationalists are growing rational—  
And through thick woods one finds a stream astray,  
So secret that the very sky seems small—  
I think I will not hang myself to-day.

It is a matter of belief. Greene, as ever, challenges modish nihilism and disbelief—here with a plot so resolutely his own that one knows he must face jeering from those who think less of the play as a play than as a statement of belief to be trampled. Considered as a plot, the tale of "The Potting Shed" may not be plausible: Mr. Greene, the dramatist, is still a too conscious manipulator. But his intellectual urgency drives one on; his dialogue is as civilised, and probing, as ever; and the second-act revelation does bite into the mind.

What is it all about? On an autumn afternoon, in his house in "what was once the country," a formerly eminent rationalist lies dying. We do not see him; and, though he is spoken of often during the first act, his personality is less strong to us than, say, that of Miss Bagnold's Pinkbell (in "The Chalk Garden"). Still, there he is, H. C. Callifer, who wrote "The Cosmic Fallacy," and who in his day was classed with Winwood Reade: his stock has slumped, and "The Cosmic Fallacy's" last royalty return was confined to three copies for export.

The younger, and unloved, son of the uncompromisingly rationalist household, James Callifer, now a man of forty-four, is a sub-editor on a newspaper in the Midlands. He has come back, against his mother's wish, to his father's last hours because (and Mr. Greene hardly gets us to credit this) his schoolgirl-niece, a busy plot-spinner, has sent a telegram. He has long been away from the family circle, one of the Callifer pariahs, though he does not understand why. He is tired, lonely, hopeless. He has parted from his wife ("You went looking for Nothing everywhere," she says), and he lives a life of dreariness unrelieved, haunted by the fact that he cannot remember anything that happened before he was fourteen. All earlier than that is as empty as the "coal-dock" in the Milky Way to the naked eye. He does not know the secret of his past, and he can get nobody to enlighten him, though always he is over-arched by a nameless terror. Ibsen might have applauded the situation, though probably he would have begun the play about a quarter of an hour before its present ending.

Suddenly the facts emerge. The child is responsible. Through her he meets again the gardener's wife who tells him that, as a boy, he was found hanging in the potting-shed; and from this Mrs. Potter—the choice of names here is clumsy—he goes to find, in a remote presbytery in East Anglia, the uncle, the Catholic priest, who had saved him.

The second scene of the second act may steadily hold the play in

recollection. We are shown a drab little room, one that could be the home only of somebody who has lost all hope, and which—at the Globe—Paul Mayo has realised perfectly from the dramatist's direction: "The sitting-room. . . . There is something in its homelessness that



"A SMALL PART, BUT VASTLY IMPORTANT, AND ONE THAT MR. PHILLIPS LIVES, NOT ACTS": FATHER WILLIAM CALLIFER (REDMOND PHILLIPS) WITH MISS CONNOLLY (AITHNA GOVER), IN A SCENE FROM ACT II OF "THE POTTING SHED."

The occupier, the wearer, is the sad, worn "whiskey priest" who says vehemently to his housekeeper: "I had a brother who believed in nothing, and for thirty years I have believed in nothing too." Presently, in an extraordinary meeting, nephew faces uncle for the first time since the afternoon in the shed. The story comes. William Callifer had sought to teach to his nephew the religious truths. But his brother, the great H. C., destroyed all. "He took everything I told you and made fun of it. He made me a laughing stock before you. . . . He was a bit too rough. A child can't stand confusion."

Terrified, the boy had hanged himself. He was found presumably dead. And the priest prayed: "Take away what I love most. Take away my faith, but let him live." The prayer was answered. The boy lived, remembering nothing, and the priest lived on, his faith surrendered. It is a remarkable situation, this re-discovery of a miracle (though the dramatist has left room for its ambiguity to be argued), and Graham Greene further complicates it in the third act by his revelation of what had happened in the rationalist family, and what must happen now. Playgoers should see, and argue out, this third act for themselves. It is much that the dramatist, in spite of his elaborate plotting, has got us to feel deeply for his characters, and to respect the quality of his mind. The "anecdote" may be artificial, but the thought and the emotion are sincere. My colleague Derek Monsey has asked—and I echo him—why, for some curious reason, an angry middle-aged man with a belief in God is suspected to have less integrity than an angry young one with a belief in nothing.

The performance, directed by Michael MacOwan, is in key. Sir John Gielgud is acutely right as the man who until now seems to have known nothing but the "prison-house," his youth a blank, his life a makeshift. "The thought of our past years in me doth breed Perpetual benediction." Not for this defeated man, Gielgud acts him with what I can call only a taut droop—in its way an uncanny performance. The same must be said of Redmond Phillips (who comes from New Zealand and the Birmingham Repertory Theatre) as the lost priest: a small part, but vastly important, and one that Mr. Phillips lives, not acts. Add the names of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies (the austere mother), Irene Worth as the wife, and that always exact player, Walter Hudd, as H. C. Callifer's rationalist colleague, and you will know that Graham Greene is interpreted as lucidly as any dramatist could desire.



"GRAHAM GREENE CONTINUES HIS EXCITING ATTEMPT TO GET ON TERMS WITH THE THEATRE": "THE POTTING SHED" (GLOBE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) ANNE CALLIFER (SARAH LONG); JAMES CALLIFER (JOHN GIELGUD); MRS. POTTER (DOROTHY DEWHURST) AND MRS. CALLIFER (GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES).

reminds us of James Callifer's lodgings in Nottingham. Only instead of pictures by Marcus Stone there are a hideous Sacred Heart, a dreary print of a Mother and Child belonging to Raphael's most sugary period. There is a crucifix on the dresser instead of a biscuit-box. One feels that all has been inherited from another priest. They are part of a second-hand uniform."

I have been interested to observe that (at the time I write this) the Lord Chamberlain is refusing a licence for the public presentation of the English version of a much-debated French play, "Fin de Partie." "The official view," says the English management, "is that a scene [of about thirty lines] is blasphemous." I began this week with a few lines from Chesterton. Let me end, very simply, with a few from Kipling that for some time have been running in my head:

Through wantonness if men profess  
They weary of Thy parts,  
E'en let them die at blasphemy  
And perish with their arts.

They come from the poem entitled "To the True Romance." I wonder if it is really very backward-looking, intolerably outmoded, to quote them.

#### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"PHÈDRE" (Theatre-in-the-Round).—Margaret Rawlings in an English version of Racine's tragedy at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall. (February 17.)  
"LYSISTRATA" (Duke of York's).—The Dudley Fitts version of the play by Aristophanes, transferred from the Royal Court. (February 18.)  
"LE RENDEZ-VOUS MANQUE" (Dominion).—Sagan drama-ballet. (Feb. 18.)  
"KING LEAR" (Old Vic).—Paul Rogers as Lear. (February 19.)  
"WHERE'S CHARLEY?" (Palace).—Unexpected things happen to "Charley's Aunt" in this musical version, with Norman Wisdom. (February 20.)



## THE LOURDES CENTENARY YEAR OPENS: MOVING SCENES IN THE PILGRIM TOWN.



AS THE SUN BROKE THROUGH THE CLOUDS: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE BASILICA AS 60,000 PILGRIMS GATHERED TO ATTEND THE OPEN-AIR HIGH MASS.  
*Photograph by Henri Cartier-Bresson.*



ATTENDING THE HIGH MASS AT THE OPENING OF THE CEREMONIES: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS, INCLUDING MANY IN WHEEL-CHAIRS.



WITH THEIR ARMS OUTSTRETCHED IN SUPPLICATION: PILGRIMS GATHERED AT THE GROTTO WHERE BERNADETTE SAW HER VISIONS OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

On February 11 some 60,000 pilgrims from Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas gathered in the little town of Lourdes to commemorate St. Bernadette's first apparition of the Virgin Mary in the grotto by the River Gave 100 years ago. An altar was erected on the steps of the Basilica and at 10 a.m. solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the open air by Bishop Theas of Tarbes and Lourdes in the presence of Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons, who presided as Papal Legate, and who preached the sermon.



IN ONE OF THE NARROW STREETS IN LOURDES: PILGRIMS MAKING THEIR WAY TO ROSARY SQUARE FOR THE OPEN-AIR HIGH MASS.

The Pope sent a message for the opening of the centenary. Then the huge crowd gathered round the entrance to the grotto where, at noon, exactly 100 years ago, the Virgin first appeared to the fourteen-year-old peasant girl. The bells of Lourdes stopped ringing as loud-speakers relayed the voice of the Pope reciting the *Angelus* and granting his Apostolic blessing to the pilgrims. The day ended with a torchlight procession and a recital of Handel's *Messiah* in the Rosary Basilica by the choir of the parish church.





IN THE "SPANISH CASTLES" EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF SEENA CASTLE, IN THE PROVINCE OF TOLEDO. THE EXHIBITION CONTINUES AT 66, PORTLAND PLACE UNTIL FEBRUARY 28.



IN THE PROVINCE OF SEGOVIA: THE CASTLE OF COCA, WHICH IS BUILT OF BRICK IN MUDEJAR STYLE. IT DATES FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



IMPREGNABLE BECAUSE IT IS BUILT ON FOUNDATIONS CUT INTO THE NATURAL ROCK: THE HUGE CASTLE OF ALMANSA, ALBACETE, WHICH HAS VERY ANCIENT ORIGINS.

The exhibition of photographs of Spanish Castles, which continues at the Royal Institute of British Architects, 66, Portland Place, London, W.1, until February 28, has been arranged with the assistance of the Spanish Embassy. Many of the outstanding photographs reproduced here are included in this most interesting exhibition, which was shown early last year in Madrid and more recently in Paris. The estimates of the numbers of castles and fortresses there are in Spain vary from 5000 to 30,000. The castles range in date over

## THE CASTLES OF SPAIN: A RICH AN EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL



BUILT AT THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: THE CASTLE OF FUENFALDANA, IN THE PROVINCE OF VALLADOLID. THE CASTLE IS ON LEVEL GROUND AND IS DOMINATED BY THE BEAUTIFUL RECTANGULAR TOWER.



SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE OF TUREGANO, WHICH INCORPORATES THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL.



RESTORED AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS CENTURY: THE CASTLE OF ALMOVAR DEL RIO, IN THE PROVINCE OF CORDOVA. IT DATES FROM THE PERIOD OF THE CALIPHS AND IS ATTRACTIVELY SITUATED OVERLOOKING THE RIVER GUADALQUIVIR.

about six centuries from the time of the Moors' mastery of Spain to the early years of the sixteenth century, when the Spanish nobility gave up their mediæval castles and replaced them by palatial mansions. In the early years of this century there was a revival of interest in the castles and in 1949 the Spanish Government issued a decree for their preservation, and many were designated as National Monuments. In 1952 the "Friends of the Castles Association" was founded in Madrid. This now has twenty provincial branches throughout

## NATIONAL HERITAGE—SUBJECT OF INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.



ONCE A FAVOURITE RESORT OF QUEEN ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC, WHO DIED THERE IN 1504; THE CASTILLO DE LA MOTA, VALLADOLID. OF REMOTE ORIGIN, IT WAS RECONSTRUCTED AT THE END OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



STANDING ON A PROMONTORY ABOVE THE RIVER DUERO, THE CASTLE OF PENAFIEL, VALLADOLID, WHICH WAS RECONSTRUCTED IN 1466.



A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE WITH ITS STARK TOWERS AND WALLS: TRUJILLO CASTLE, IN THE PROVINCE OF CACERES. THIS WAS STARTED IN THE ARAB PERIOD AND COMPLETED BETWEEN THE THIRTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH CENTURIES.

Spain, and the Association has aroused further widespread interest in the castles—which rank high among the architectural treasures of Spain. It was the Association that arranged the original exhibition in Madrid, and plans are under consideration for the organisation in the near future of a Museum of Spanish Castles. Meanwhile the Friends of the Castles have done much to ensure the preservation and restoration of many of the castles. Some of them have been fitted out as residences for their owners; others have been



BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY BY THE ARCHITECT JUAN GUAS: THE CASTILLO OF THE MENDOZA FAMILY AT MANZANARES EL REAL, NEAR MADRID.



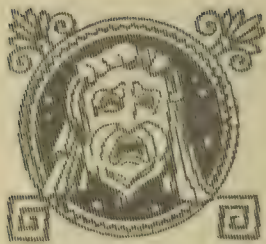
PERCHED ON TOP OF A ROCK AND DOMINATING THE SURROUNDING COUNTRYSIDE: THE CASTLE OF ALBUQUERQUE, BADAJOZ, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1354. IT HAS BEEN RECENTLY RECONSTRUCTED.



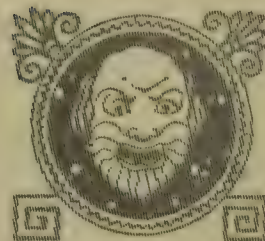
BUILT BY THE KINGS OF CASTILE AFTER THE CONQUEST OF THE CITY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, THE IMPRESSIVE ALCAZAR OF SEGOVIA, WHICH NOW HOUSES MILITARY ARCHIVES.

reconstructed as residences for the *Frente de Juventes* and for the *Sección Femenina*. The Spanish Government Tourist Office has converted two castles into hotels, and the Ministry of Agriculture has converted two more into granaries and has undertaken the restoration of the castle of Coca to house an agricultural college. Others are used as depositories for Public Records. Thus in many different ways it has been possible to maintain in a good state of repair an increasing number of the castles, but much work but still remains to be done.





## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



### PIECES OF ACTING

By ALAN DENT.

ODDLY enough it was in an Agatha Christie thriller, adapted for the theatre from a story of hers, that Charles Laughton made his first resounding success in London. The year being 1928, it is, my goodness, exactly a generation ago, and the play was called "Alibi"—and a memorably good play of its sort it was! The cast was distinguished, and it afforded us one of the last glimpses we were ever to have of Lady Tree, memorably distraught in a tea-gown over the fact that her husband—or at least some important member of the household—had been found with a dagger stuck in his back. But it was the new young actor Charles Laughton's portrayal of the jovial French detective, Hercule Poirot, that everybody went to see. He had been on the stage only two years, but he already had the magnetic quality of the star-actor.

Since then Mr. Laughton has gone very far indeed; played in Shakespeare in an unforgettable Old Vic season; played in Molière at the Comédie Française; gone to Hollywood, triumphed in a dozen films, become American; given public readings of Shakespeare, Lincoln, the Bible; soared into a new fame and prominence in television. . . . And now here he is back among us in a new film from his old vehicle-provider, Mrs. Christie—back, too, in person and preparing to appear in a new play in a London theatre.

He is so much the whole point and purpose of the film of "Witness for the Prosecution"—so much the reason why everybody is going to see it—that I shall defer description until the end of my space, rather hoping that I shall have reached that terminus before I can be tempted to divulge its mystery.

It has, in fact, been a week made up of exciting and vivid pieces of acting rather than of major

dramatic thing in that rogue's career. Here is Donald Wolfitt scowling masterfully, like a bear in the toils, as General Mercier. And here is Emlyn Williams as Emile Zola spouting a great chunk of the famous plea for justice, the article "J'Accuse . . ." which threw the entire French Government out of the frying-pan into the fire. Mr. Williams, incidentally, does his piece with too much of a

### OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



CHARLES LAUGHTON AS SIR WILFRID ROBARTS IN UNITED ARTISTS' "WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION," BASED ON THE PLAY BY AGATHA CHRISTIE.

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Silenus-like and pungently witty, Charles Laughton as the defending counsel is not only the leading spirit of 'Witness for the Prosecution,' but immeasurably the leading actor in a week bristling with younger popular favourites like Marlon Brando, Dirk Bogarde, José Ferrer, Emlyn Williams, and the ageless Marlene Dietrich. Mr. Laughton has not been in better cinema-form for years and years. At his best, as here, he has an incomparable gusto unlike that of any other actor now that Raimu has gone from us."

smile and too little of the rage and vehemence which inspired it in the first place. Here he reminds me less of Zola than of little Jack Horner putting in his thumb, pulling out a plum, and saying what a good boy am I!

In "Sayonara," directed by Joshua Logan, we are shipped to genuine Japan in the company of Marlon Brando who is a general's son and a flying major, and is removed from Korea to Japan in order that he may rest and settle down with the daughter of another American general who is stationed there. "R and

R" is the phrase used for this process—it stands for "rest and rehabilitation."

But Mr. Brando is not one either to rest or rehabilitate at command. The general's daughter is a starchy one, and our young major has hardly crossed his first Japanese bridge before he spies the leading actress in Japan walking at the head—

or, rather, at the tail—of a string of actresses in palest pink or palest blue kimonos. She—and Miiko Taka is the entrancing creature's real name—is less conventionally clad in white sweater and white slacks, and she takes no notice of him for days and days. Nor does she betray the slightest knowledge of his existence until one afternoon when he is cute enough not to be at the usual spot but to be hiding behind a tree nearby. Mr. Brando's smile of pleasure at being momentarily missed is delightful. Nevertheless, much of this fascinator's performance is marred by his growing habit of refusing to open his lips when he talks. Naturalism should not go so far as mere mumbling.

There is a protracted and serious side to this very long film concerned with the ethics and desirability of inter-marriage between American servicemen and Japanese girls (repeatedly referred to in the film as "indigenous female personnel"). We have probably too many problems of our own to be greatly exercised about this here and now, and anyhow one understands that it is no longer illegal for an American to take a Japanese wife back to U.S.A. Nevertheless, the actor called Red Buttons and another Japanese girl called Myoshi Umeki give considerable poignancy to the sub-plot concerning a nice and devoted young couple who are driven to mutual suicide through Service interference.

The chief merit of the latest version of "A Tale of Two Cities"—director, Ralph Thomas—is that it is picturesque and has the genuine Dickensian air. Many credits are due here—to T. E. B. Clarke for following the story carefully, to Dirk Bogarde for playing the unheroic hero Sydney Carton with considerable personal charm, to Stephen Murray and Dorothy Tutin for giving animation to the somewhat inanimate Dr. and



"IT IS PICTURESQUE AND HAS THE GENUINE DICKENSIAN AIR": THE RANK ORGANISATION'S "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"—SYDNEY CARTON (DIRK BOGARDE) AND MARIE GABELLE (MARIE VERSINI) ARE DRIVEN TO THE GUILLOTINE IN A TUMBRIL. (LONDON PREMIERE: ODEON, LEICESTER SQUARE, FEBRUARY 6.)

films. A fair example of the kind of picture in which the acting transcends the material is "I Accuse!" a re-telling of the Dreyfus Affair, directed by José Ferrer. There is no mystery here, and it is rather airily assumed that we nowadays all know that Count Esterhazy was the guilty one who allowed the innocent Dreyfus to be sent to Devil's Island for selling state-secrets. The younger generation just does not know this without being told.

To divest the Affair of its mystery is to divest it of its suspense. We watch detachedly and do not feel involved. Here is Anton Walbrook, full of cocky middle-European charm, selling French documents to the German Ambassador at the very outset. Here is José Ferrer himself as the unhappy Dreyfus, dignified even in disgrace. Here is Harry Andrews giving the flash of life to Colonel Henry, though deprived of the suicide which is the most



"A RE-TELLING OF THE DREYFUS AFFAIR, DIRECTED BY JOSE FERRER": M.-G.-M.'S "I ACCUSE!"—THE SCENE IN WHICH CAPTAIN DREYFUS (JOSE FERRER, CENTRE) IS STRIPPED OF HIS RANK BEFORE BEING IMPRISONED. (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE, JANUARY 30.)

Lucie Manette, to Athene Seyler for fulfilling Miss Pross with a twinkle. But I strongly suspect that just as much is due, for the over-all effect, to an expert who seldom gets due credit, the art-director—who is, in this case, Carmen Dillon.

Incidentally, the second best performance of the week is submitted by none of the many artists already mentioned. It is the portrayal of Barrister Laughton's nurse by Elsa Lanchester. "Blabbermouth!" is just about the mildest of the many things this difficult patient calls this much-tried nurse. But she stands up to every insult as a rock does to a boisterous sea. This brilliant pair of duellists put everybody else into the background—though "everybody else" includes Tyrone Power and La Dietrich as the pair who were or were not married, and who either singly or co-operatively did that murder. There, I have done, and the secret is not out.

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI" (Generally Released: February 10).—This superlative film has already received so many awards, both British and American, that further comment seems superfluous. It is on no account to be missed, though the squeamish should be warned that it has its gruelling intimations of Japanese methods of forcing British prisoners to do hard work in jungle conditions. William Holden and James Donald, Jack Hawkins and Sessue Hayakawa, deserve high praise. But the chief actor, Alec Guinness, and the director, David Lean, are almost beyond any praise of mine.

"JAILHOUSE ROCK" (Generally Released: February 17).—This one, on the other hand—plunging into the maelstrom of rock-and-roll with Elvis Presley as exponent-in-chief—is beyond my dispraise.



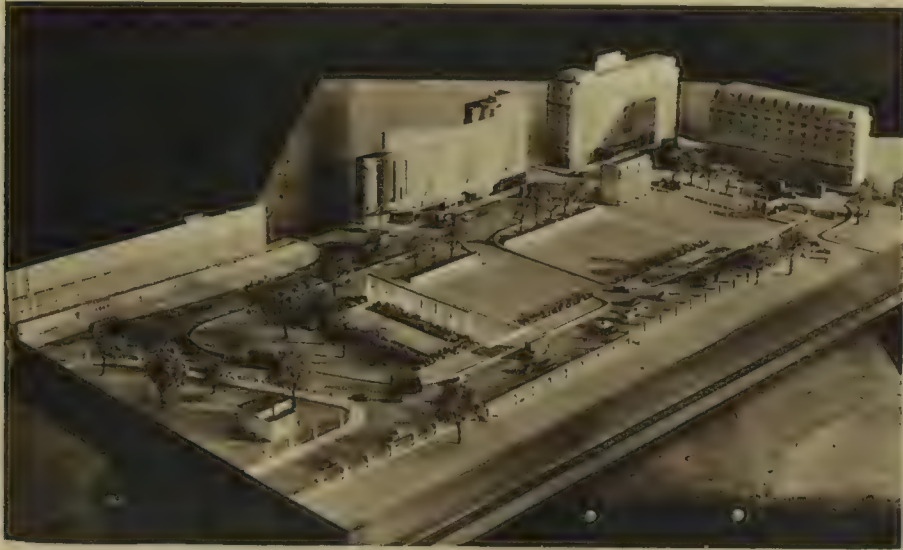
## PLANS FOR CENTRAL LONDON'S ROADS; AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



WATCHED BY A LARGE CROWD: THE BODY OF ROGER BYRNE, MANCHESTER UNITED CAPTAIN, WHO DIED IN THE MUNICH AIR DISASTER, BEING CARRIED INTO ST. MICHAEL'S, FLIXTON. Huge crowds lined the streets of Manchester on February 10 as the hearses carrying the bodies of the victims of the Munich air crash drove from the airport to the Manchester United ground at Old Trafford. There were also many mourners at the various funeral services, including that for Roger Byrne, the Manchester United captain, on Feb. 12.



PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER SEASON AT GREAT YARMOUTH, NORFOLK: BULLDOZERS—THE MODERN ALTERNATIVE TO "SEVEN MAIDS WITH SEVEN MOPS"—SHIFTING AND LEVELLING THE SAND WHICH HAD BEEN SWEEPED FROM THE BEACH ON TO THE PROMENADE AND GARDENS BY WINTER GALES.



THE PROPOSED ROAD IMPROVEMENT SCHEME FOR MARBLE ARCH: A MODEL SHOWING THE 3-ACRE TRAFFIC ISLAND DIVIDED BY A LINK ROAD.

These two models of the proposed road improvement schemes for Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner were put on view by the London County Council at County Hall on February 13. The estimated total cost of the schemes, which will take about three years to complete, is £5,380,000. The Hyde Park Corner proposals include two subway roads for four lanes of traffic.



A MODEL OF THE NEW LAYOUT PROPOSED FOR HYDE PARK CORNER. A PROCESSIONAL ROAD WILL RUN THROUGH WELLINGTON ARCH IN THE CENTRE OF THE LARGE TRAFFIC ISLAND.



THE SCENE OF AN ARMED I.R.A. RAID ON THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 15/16: THE GUARD ROOM OF NO. 1 TRAINING BATTALION, R.E.M.E., AT BLANDFORD CAMP, DORSET.

In the early hours of February 16, some five men, who said they were from the I.R.A., managed to trap and tie up ten soldiers, mainly recruits, at the R.E.M.E. Armoury at Blandford Camp. One soldier was shot and others were injured, but the raiders left without taking anything.



AN ATTEMPT ON THE "BELLRINGERS' EVEREST": THE TEAM WHICH ATTEMPTED TO RING THE MAXIMUM NUMBER OF CHANGES ON A RING OF EIGHT BELLS.

On February 8 in the Taylor Bell Foundry campanile in Loughborough, a team of eight bellringers attempted the "extent on eight" (i.e., 40,320 permutations), but failed by a mistake after 20,496 changes, which had taken 10 hours 10 mins.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

IT is serious to be confronted by a novel which, in scale and intention, is a prose epic, which has been compared to "War and Peace," and of which one hopes, with trembling, to think highly; and still more serious to find it beyond one. That doesn't happen with "War and Peace"; but I must frankly admit that "Voss," by Patrick White (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.), was too deep for me. Yet it could never be taken for a false alarm. It is truly original and imposing; but how can one judge of its success without understanding it?

However, at least I can explain crudely what it is about. In the year 1845, a German named Voss forms an expedition to cross Australia for the first time. From his point of view it is a mystic, wholly personal ordeal, and he would really prefer to go alone. As that can't be, he assembles a party of moral derelicts—weaklings, on whom he can act like God or Satan. The one exception, an ex-convict whom he resents even on hearsay as a strong man, has been imposed on him by the solid citizens backing the attempt. Of these, the foremost is Mr. Bonner, a rich draper and man of "great material kindness," who has a niece—the reserved, long-faced but perhaps beautiful Laura Trevelyan. *Habitués* will recognise her at once, as a more fortunate avatar of Theodora in "The Aunt's Story" (indeed there are several themes from that early book). Laura, pent up among philistines, has a secret life; and from now on, it is life with Voss in the desert. For the calm young lady and the crude, demoniac, grotesque German are soul-mates. In spirit, Laura is always with him, praying for his salvation, getting engaged, married to him, even bearing a child—though its mother after the flesh is an emancipist servant. And bridging two distinct narratives: a large-scale, yet marvellously refined social satire, and an apocalyptic nightmare of drought and flood, ruin and deliquescence, "shadows" and "black sticks" gradually taking definition, closing in on the living dead—and a god-elect first humbled, then decapitated by "his people." . . .

This is nothing like "War and Peace." It has some features of "Moby Dick": the obsessed leader, the group of satellites, the titanic, dubious Crusade, the emphatic symbolism. . . . Yet even if "Voss" had a White Whale, or "Moby Dick" a this-worldly sequence to match Laura's environment in Sydney, they would be very different. Melville is an inspired tub-thumper; Mr. White is endlessly subtle and—very strangely—laconic: giving a vast canvas the tenuity of a spider's web. This makes him hard going. I never fathomed his derelicts; but he has incandescent moments that make one blink.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Land of Dahori," by Olaf Ruhen (Macdonald; 16s.), is both exotic and instructive, yet without airs. The land in question reveals itself as New Guinea: with which the author fell in love as a journalist, and of which, to some extent, he writes as a journalist. His theme is the living Stone Age, in its isolation of yesterday, under the first impact of modernity, and so forward. Each phase has its introduction and group of stories—all, the author assures us, based on fact. And good stories into the bargain. He is perhaps easiest with natives in a white context, and takes a highly rational view of folklore; witchcraft and taboo are something cooked up—justifiably, in his opinion—by the old men. Yet the less aspiring "folk tales" are admirable, though he can't quite deal with the beginning of things, or the inner workings of Cargo Cult. Later, we have adventure stories, illustrating the white man's burden, and thoroughly sympathetic to both sides: a neat little detective yarn, with a native sleuth: a tale of poetic justice on an odious white woman, the nastiest figure in the gallery. . . . And other attractions.

"La Belle Sorel," by Jacques Carton (translated by Richard and Clara Winston; Arthur Barker; 18s.), tells the love-story of Agnes Sorel and Charles VII of France. Charles VII, whose character is successfully depicted, saves the heroine, by maturing her from a sweet confection into a rather touching victim. She succumbs to his need of her; and finally he can do without her. That is the whole story. As for the manner—perhaps in French an "enormous skill at orchestrating the intimate melodies of the instincts" might describe it.

"Death Takes a Teacher," by Gray Usher (John Long; 11s. 6d.) opens at Boldhaven, with the strangled body of a schoolmarm in Spinyard's Copse, among piles of exercise books. Enter Scotland Yard, in the persons of Superintendent Drexel and his acolyte, and to the disgust of the local Inspector Banner. It is with intent to annoy that he selects Policewoman Hartland-Hood to drive them; but young Dinah makes the grade. It is a nasty case, all the same. There were quite a few people around, including a shady middle-aged carrier and a delinquent Teddy boy, but none of them will quite do. Then Drexel gets his hunch about the scattered Day Books; and we have a new lease of activity, with a nicely ironic ending. If you guess the murderer, it won't hurt. "Classic," agreeable and unstodgy.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM INSIDE RUSSIA TO WORLD WAR II, AND "BRASSEY'S ANNUAL."

IN the epilogue to his most readable and discerning book on the Soviet Union, Mr. Patrick Sergeant writes: "Three months in the U.S.S.R. taught me how little we know about the Soviet peoples and what extraordinary illusions many of us in the West have of Russian life." He is, of course, totally and absolutely wrong—and he proves it nearly on every page; certainly in every chapter. The exact converse is true. It is the Russians who have the most extraordinary illusions about life in the West, and the really frightening point which Mr. Sergeant emphasises time and again is that this indoctrination is almost universal, and impossible to break down. The Russians—one has to use this rather unsatisfactory "omnibus" term to cover the multitude of races whom Mr. Sergeant visited—are quite prepared to accept Western visitors on their face value and to treat them with courtesy as interesting human beings, but once the visitors begin to give factual accounts of life in the West, they are treated as *gauche* and silly propagandists. Indeed, it was quite "Another Road to Samarkand" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.) that Mr. Sergeant travelled.

It was in Samarkand itself that the author found the most authentic relics of another and more flamboyant age. True, Mr. Sergeant fell in love with Kiev, precisely—if I read him aright—because of that city's gaiety, its traditional history and architecture, and the contrast which it presents to the grim, determined, totally unsuccessful modernity of Moscow. But I must not give the impression that Mr. Sergeant is a romanticist. On the contrary, he is one of the few "colour" journalists whose impressions of a foreign country are at once able, convincing, objective, whimsically humorous, and—this is an opinion which I have had to weigh with care—totally unbiased. In order to satisfy myself, I read his book a second time, and I remain convinced that it does not contain a single "loaded" sentence. Nor is it in any way pretentious. Mr. Sergeant is not a John Gunther, scrambling about the world, "inside" here and "inside" there, flashing his ten-minute interviews with Prime Ministers and Heads of State for all their tinsel worth. His book contains nothing better than his account of his interview with Mr. Malenkov—a delightfully contrived accident. And what an excellent portrait he gives us of Marshal Bulganin, who contrived it! His journey took place in 1954, so that it is full of anachronisms about Stalin, but it is all the more authentic for that. I have no doubt that Mr. Sergeant is doing good work in the City office of the *Daily Mail*, but it seems to me (and mice have helped lions before now) that Lord Rothermere is wasting the talents of a first-class foreign correspondent.

In "Secret Weapons—Secret Agents" (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.) M. Jacques Bergier tells of a group, of which he was a member, which specialised in supplying information to the Allies about German scientific and technical advances, including, of course, the famous V-weapons. Not that they stopped there. "The following selection," writes M. Bergier, "will demonstrate that the questions we had to answer and the demands we had to comply with were many and varied:

"Can you supply us with a calendar of all the fair days in all the towns and villages of France?"

"Where has the Armoured Division *Das Reich* got to?" . . .

"How far have the Germans got with the uranium bomb (October 1942)?"

"What is the diameter of the ball-bearings being manufactured for the Germans at Annecy?"

An astonishing questionnaire which would be hard enough to answer even if one were not working under the constant threat—in M. Bergier's case it was fulfilled—of torture and the concentration camp. His book is a worthy addition to the literature of secret heroism.

I found Vol. XI of the "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II," "The Invasion of France and Germany" (Oxford University Press; 45s.), rather heavy going. The author, Mr. Samuel Eliot Morison, gives an account of "Neptune-Overlord" and of "Anvil-Dragoon," which, from the limited angle of his approach, is important. He manages, too, to handle such difficult subjects as Winston Churchill's objections

to "Anvil" with sufficient tact. The maps, plans and illustrations are all excellent.

Each year, as "Brassey's Annual" (William Clowes; 3 gns.) makes its invaluable appearance, I am more and more struck with the courage with which contributors tackle controversial subjects. The palm for this edition (1957) must, I think, be awarded to my colleague, Captain Cyril Falls, for his admirable account of "Operation Musketeer," the Anglo-French "police operation" in the Canal Zone in 1956. Other articles which will certainly arouse discussion are "The Future of N.A.T.O.," by Air-Marshal Sir Lawrence Darvall, and "Limited War," by Major-General K. R. Brazier-Creagh. "Brassey's" great merit is that its surveys support (and indeed supply) so much reference material which cannot easily be found elsewhere. E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN Miss Edith Price retired from active control of the Gambit Chess Rooms, in the City, some eleven years ago, she turned them over to a syndicate of four. One was your correspondent who, however, finding himself too far away to be effective, shortly after withdrew. It is principally Mr. G. H. White who has carried the banner since then. Drastic renovation was necessary; to undertake this without destroying the old atmosphere of the place was not easy. More serious was the increasing competition for every square inch of space in that area, which set constant financial problems; sentiment, however strong, cannot pay City rents to-day. Somehow, Mr. White grappled with all these problems, kept the Gambit going to the last moment (if not beyond!) and was finally prised out of the premises about five minutes before the first demolition charge was fired!

One of his innovations was a regular Saturday evening lightning tournament, which usually drew a capacity entry. Hilarious enough anyway—at ten-seconds-a-move, the best player in the world can blunder excruciatingly at times—this was given a malicious twist which wholly delighted the medium-class players. Entrants were split into sections and the section winners played off for the prizes. Any strong player thinking, "If I don't win first prize with Blank in the room, I shall surely get second!" was destined to be disillusioned; for all the strongest players were "accidentally" put together in one section; spent the first part of the evening strenuously knocking each other about and the rest of the evening (all except one, of course) watching the finals.

The Gambit definitely belonged to the City; nobody knew how many magnates of finance were among the *habitués*. Nobody took much notice of them—perhaps this was one of the attractions. One director of a 4,000,000 circulation newspaper (which has never published a chess article in its life!) was to be seen there almost daily for years. I was introduced, in one visit, to T—, who was confidentially described to me as so rich, he had shortly before lost £120,000 on a single deal without turning a hair. A curious criterion of wealth, I thought; but I got the idea.

T— was supposed to be present, a few minutes later, at a highly important board meeting in his offices close by. But he could not get his game finished; his opponent kept finding one unexpected saving resource after another. The last few moves, T— played standing, or, rather, dancing, with his hat and coat on, reaching over his chair for the pieces; when at last his opponent resigned, he rushed out half an hour late for his appointment, forgetting to pay his bill.

Countless were the people who, throughout the sixty years of the Gambit's existence, not so much drowned their cares in chess as, for a period, took leave of this mundane world altogether. It is by no means the best players who lose themselves in chess the most utterly. Apocryphal tales are told of players puzzled to find a pawn in the cup of tea they are drinking, only to realise that they had themselves put it in, in mistake for a lump of sugar. . . .

How soon the Gambit followed on the demise of Simpson's in the Strand as Britain's leading chess rendezvous, I don't know. It was at Simpson's that for half a crown, you received a cigar, a cup of coffee and the freedom of a chess-board.

Simpson's still retains in its foyer an historic board on which Steinitz and Zukertort played; solitary relic of the days when it was the centre of British (I might well write, *world*) chess.

Rather amazingly, the tradition which floated from Simpson's to the Gambit, before the turn of the century, seems likely to return to almost the identical spot. At the Mandrake, you used to be able to play or watch fine chess, to tzigane music, at anything up to 2 a.m. nightly. Harold Lommer and Boris Watson have stepped out of the Mandrake; but the latter is opening a light restaurant practically opposite Simpson's where at least sixty chess players will always be able to play. So if you want to find the old Gambit crowd—you know where to go!





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## PIECES FOR COLLECTORS

THE English picture-lover of the eighteenth century had a special affection for three great painters—Claude Lorrain, Nicolas Poussin, and the seventeenth-century Italian Salvator Rosa, whose romantic landscapes of the scenery of the Apennines made a very strong appeal to his imagination. For the past half century, for reasons no one has been able to explain, the market has taken little or no interest in him, while it has continued to pay fabulous prices for paintings by the two Frenchmen. To-day, the star of Salvator Rosa is again in the ascendant, and it will be interesting to note the fate of two large paintings by him which will appear at Christie's on March 7. One of them belonged to the Chigi Pope Alexander VII; in due course it passed to the Northwick Collection and was purchased by an ancestor of the present owner at the Northwick sale in 1859. The other was bought by Sir Joseph Hawley in 1840 at Genoa. They will appear in company with a Lucas Granach, a Van Goyen, a van der Neer, a Jacob Ruisdael and a Cuyp.

At Sotheby's, on March 4, there will be sold a lengthy series of books, MSS. and scientific apparatus of exceptional importance, relating to the brilliant Herschel family. They belong to a niece of the late Sir John Herschel (d. 1882), who was the son of the more famous Sir William, the astronomer, who discovered the planet Uranus, charted 2500 nebulae where only 103 had been known previously and who claimed with perfect truth that "he had looked

further into space than ever human being did before me." From 1786 he lived at Slough, where he erected his 40-ft. telescope, at that time the largest in the world. His was an extraordinary career—from oboist in the Hanoverian Guard, instructor to the band of the Durham Militia, organist at Halifax and at the Octagon Chapel, Bath, to the most famous—and justly famous—astronomer of his generation.

The Sotheby sale on the 28th includes a fine Beauvais tapestry from the set (two panels of which were sold in December last) which was once in the Château de Versailles, Normandy, a set of Louis XVI armchairs painted in white and gold and covered in blue brocade and, among other choice French furniture—a Louis XV marquetry *poudreuse*—one of those ingenious and wholly charming tables inlaid with floral marquetry and containing mirror, slides, drawers and every possible receptacle for toilet necessities.

Collectors of old silver had unusual opportunities of acquiring an extremely varied number of early pieces at two sales at the beginning of this month. The first, at Christie's, was of silver belonging to the late Sir John Stirling Maxwell, and included examples from Portugal, Holland, Germany, France, Spain and Italy. The second, at Sotheby's, built up from various sources, contained items as diverse as a splendid coffee pot of 1734, by Paul de Lamerie, and a remarkably complicated pair of wall-lights by a Birmingham maker of 1810.

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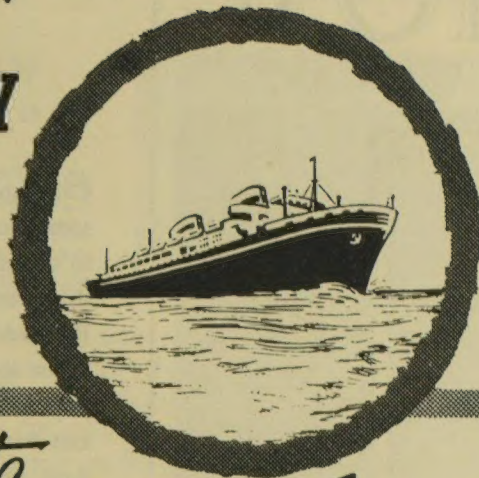
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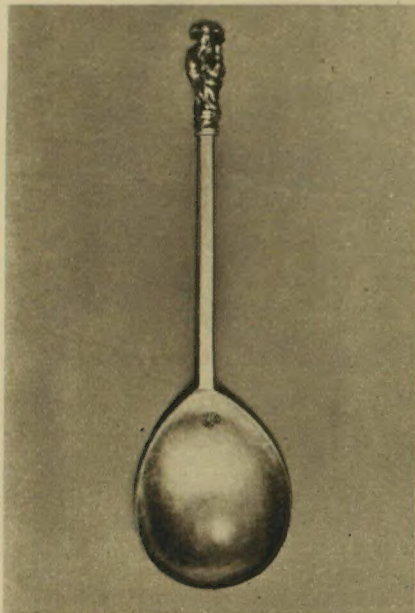
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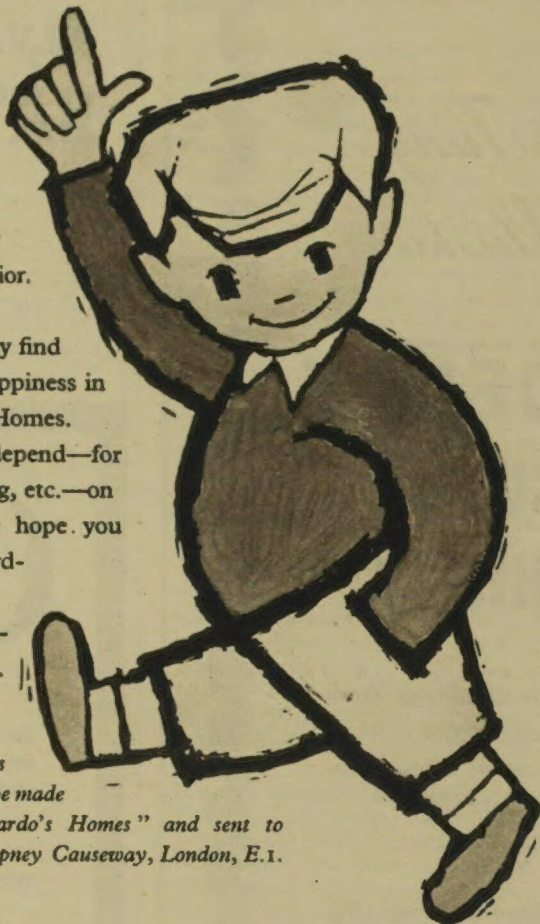
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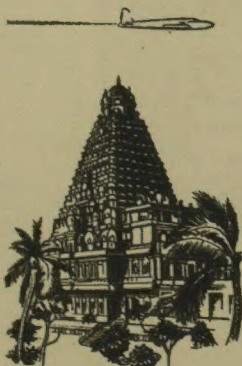
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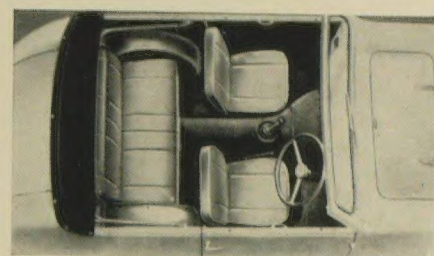
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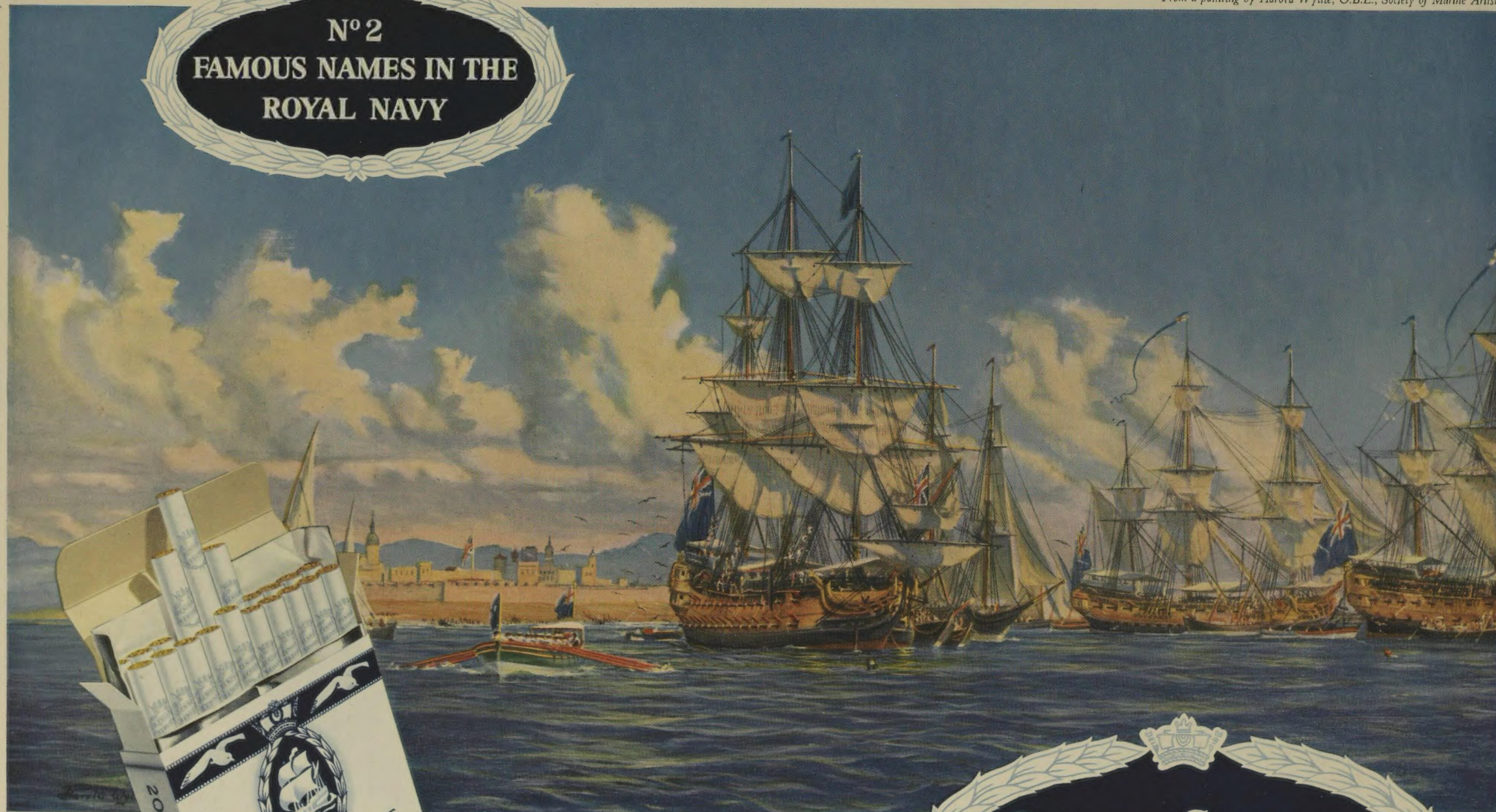
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